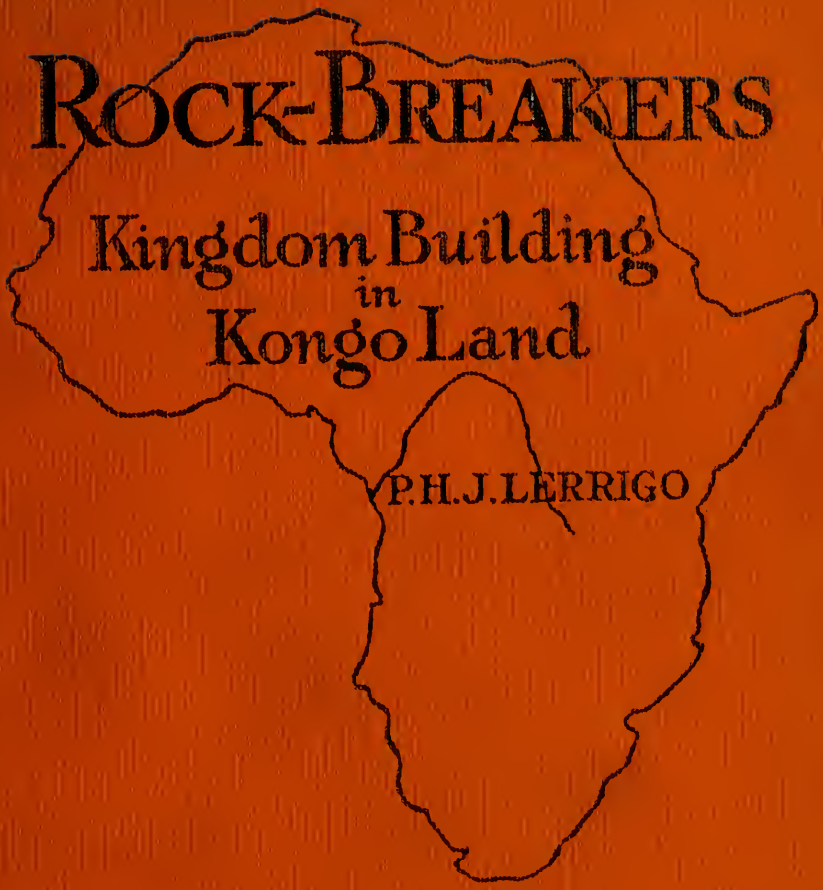
ROCK-BREAKERS

Kingdom Building in Kongo Land



P. H. J. LERRIGO

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FIRST BAPTISM AMONG NEW PEOPLE

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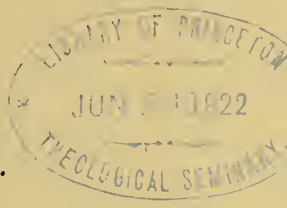
KINGDOM BUILDING IN KONGO LAND



By

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"The Stature of a Perfect Man"

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TO

THE CONGO MISSIONARIES

SIMPLE, SINCERE

INTREPID, SPIRIT-FILLED

KING ALBERT'S TESTIMONY TO CONGO MISSIONS

Le roi Albert résumait son appreciation en disant: "L'œuvre des missions protestantes au Congo est une œuvre d'élite."

HENRI ANET.

King Albert summed up his appreciation by saying, "The work of the Protestant missions in Congo is a very choice one."

Sa Majesté prend acte volontiers de la cooperation que Lui promettent les missionaires protestants dans toutes les entreprises du Gouvernement tendant au bien de la Colonie et de ses habitants. Elle n'attend pas moins de leur zèle et de leur loyauté car Elle conserve, Elle aussi, un sympathique souvenir de la visite qu'Elle a faite a quelques-unes de leurs stations lors de son voyage au Congo.

"His Majesty gladly recognizes the cooperation which the Protestant missionaries promise him in all the enterprises of the Government tending to the good of the Colony and its inhabitants. He expects no less of their loyalty and zeal since he himself preserves a sympathetic memory of the visit which he made to some of their stations during his voyage to the Congo."

FOREWORD

THIS Congo book is full of charm and interest. So many who have visited Africa have returned as though from out the shadows, that it is refreshing to find Africa to be a land not devoid of sunshine, song, and hope.

The author's picturesque descriptions of the natives are vivid and colorful. He shows us how the native lives, and has clearly described his habits and characteristics.

Doctor Lerrigo has given to us in this volume a body of fascinating stories which reflect the traits, the customs, and the religious aspirations of these wofully neglected people. He shows a warm and sympathetic appreciation of the toilings, the dreams, and the trusting faith of these people of Congo Belge.

We are greatly indebted to the author for the heartening report of the General Conference of Protestant Missions working in Congo. Through this report we are in possession of the latest information on the success of Christian work in Congo land.

The Department of Missionary Education, recognizing the special value of this addition to its current educational material, recommends this book for use in the following ways:

1. In reading contests for adults and young people, and in fireside reading-groups.
2. For the making of missionary programs for program meetings in local church groups.
3. As a book for the background study of the American Negro whose ancestors emigrated from Congo land.
4. For special mission-study class work.

As an aid to the study-class use of this book a suitable outline of suggestions has been prepared and may be found at the back of the text.

WILLIAM A. HILL,
Secretary of Missionary Education.

NOTE. The pictures in this book are from photographs by Dr. W. H. Leslie, Rev. Joseph Clark, Rev. P. C. Metzger, and Dr. Catherine Mabie, to whom the author and the publishers are indebted for kind permission to make use of them.

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"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"

"Before the dawn of history and even during its early morn Africa stood for mystery and symbolism in religious thought. The very name has by a fanciful etymology been fantastically interpreted as meaning sealed, secret, or separated.

"A 'scholar' even suggests that the three Hebrew consonants, Aleph, Pe, and Resh (which appear in Ophir as O, Ph (F), and R), compose the Shemitic root Ophr or Afr, to which was afterward added the Latin ending *ica*. Hence 'Africa'!"

—*Frederick Perry Noble.*

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Matadi has a bad name; so indeed has Congo as a whole. Perhaps Matadi deserves its evil reputation more than other parts of the great equatorial territory, but even such a "bad dog" as Matadi ought not to be hung out of hand. The day when the expression "white man's grave" was properly applicable to Congo has passed. Matadi is hot, but not so hot as New York in July; Matadi is wet at times, but not so wet as Louisiana; Matadi has malaria, but less than certain parts of Italy. Matadi is a rock and casts back the pitiless glare of the tropical noonday sun, but Matadi's sun declines and the cool breeze sweeps up the river, sweet and refreshing; while at night Matadi lies quiet and relaxed, safe from the oppressive heat until another sun shall steal up behind the eastern hills.

Matadi means "rock," and it is well named, for it is built on the slope of a rocky mountain at a turn in the great Congo River. All about it are other stony hills, and the same formation extends up through the lower Congo well nigh as far as Stanley Pool.

Bula Matadi was Stanley's native name. He employed giant powder to blast the rocks of the hillside for the making of roads, so they dubbed him Bula Matadi—the Rock-breaker. From Stanley's time the term has been in use to distinguish any Government official, and is applied also to the State itself. The rowers on the Uele sang a little song, after their com-

mon fashion, to accompany the movement of the paddles. Governor Lippens, the new Executive of Congo Belge, was visiting the section. The song ran:

Bula Matadi is with us today;
He's happy, he's happy;
He has brought his little daughter
with the long hair to stay;
He's happy, he's happy.

Stanley was an explorer and state-builder; he laid the foundations of the Congo Free State, now Congo Belge, and broke his way through native opposition and material obstacles. But Stanley was not the only rock-breaker. He has been followed by an army of men with the Rock of Ages in their heart, and upon their lips the message of the Breaker of stony hearts.

Vivi, across the river on a hilltop, was Stanley's base. Matadi itself became the base for missionary operations and afterward the port of entry for Congo Belge. It was from Matadi that the old caravan road stretched away over the rocky hills, past Palabala and Banza Manteke to Lukunga and, after a break and change of carriers, on from that point to Leopoldville or Stanley Pool. Since those days the little narrow-gauge railway has been built, but at that time the caravan road leading "over the hills and far-away" was the line of communication between the coast and the upper river. It was over this route that all freight was conveyed upon the heads of native porters for transshipment by the river boats into the interior. Between Stanley Pool and Matadi the smooth course of the river is interrupted by numerous rapids which add greatly to the beauty of its scenery but render it impassable, hence even the steamboats for the upper

river had to be carried piecemeal over the heart-breaking trail.

This caravan route was the main road of missionary endeavor. Even yet the missionaries take countless steps over it each year, for it leads through sections untouched by the railroad, and supplements the latter in giving access to the entire region of lower Congo. The writer's journey throughout this section was accomplished partly by means of the railroad and partly over this and other trails.

The little railway makes one laugh. It is of a narrow gauge, about two feet wide, and recalls the little toy lines of America's amusement parks. But the passenger finds that riding upon it is no joke, for it winds and winds interminably up and down the hillsides, along the tumbling watercourse, over ravines and gullies, with grades so steep that heavier equipment might find them impracticable. The cars are of three classes which are called first, second, and third, but might be classified poor, poorer, poorest. The first-class cars are upholstered in leather and are very exclusive, for but few people ride in them. The second-class cars are the common mode of travel for whites. They have swivel-chairs, much the worse for wear and afflicted for the most part with a permanent list to the starboard, imparting an appearance of sprightly dissipation. The third-class cars are open to heaven's free air, for which one is devoutly thankful. They are a little like American cattle-cars in appearance, but have wooden seats facing each other, built to accommodate four. This is the democratic car, and one mingles freely with one's fellow beings in it. Indeed they sometimes crowd upon one's corns and invade one's personal liberty by insisting on climbing into it far beyond its normal capacity.

My first acquaintance with the railway was made via a third-class car inasmuch as no other cars were carried by the train on the day I embarked for Songololo. The train starts from Matadi in the calm freshness of the early Congo day, not later than 6.30. Riding *al fresco* up the declivity of the hillsides at first along the margin of the Congo River, afterwards turning up the course of the turbulent Mpozo, the real beauty of Congo scenery is immediately unfolded. A narrow ledge cut into the hillside carries the line, the broad river sweeps majestically alongside, forming what seems to be a series of landlocked lakes on account of its width and the hills which apparently block its channel but give place at every bend in the river to new reaches of the swift-flowing stream. A mile or two from Matadi the Mpozo tumbles incontinently into the main river, and the train turns up its course wending its way like a tight-rope walker, sometimes over the stream on iron bridges, sometimes along the edge of its swirling and eddying current below. The stream drops rapidly, making cascades and rapids at every turn, and the train in like manner must needs ascend at the same rate. After some miles of this sort of thing the railway leaves the stream and starts in a general northeasterly direction across the hills and plains.

Three companions shared the car with me; all "black, but comely," for they were young lads fluent of speech and with a cheerful outlook upon life. It was upon this occasion that I had my first side-light upon missionary results in Congo, for before long one of the young men commenced to whistle, and later they broke into song, enlivening the whole of the journey with their music. The words were of course

Congolese and to me unintelligible, but it was a great gratification to be able to recognize one after another of the great hymns of the church. I discovered that the lads knew a little French and learned that they had all been trained upon mission stations. It was at this time that it began to dawn upon me that evangelical missions have put an indelible stamp upon lower Congo.

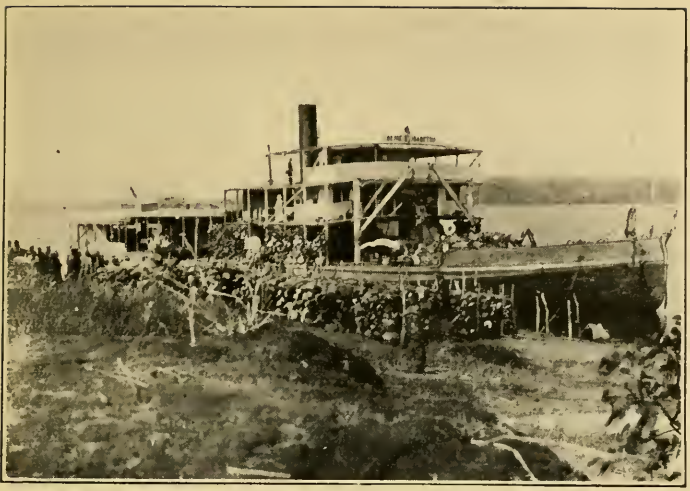
On the whole my impressions of the little railway were very pleasant. The day was cloudy and cool. We stopped at way stations every few kilometers to permit the thirsty little monster at our head to drink. This gave us the opportunity to get down from the car and examine the primitive little railway-stations. The station-masters proved gregarious beings, and our French being equally rudimentary we got along very well with each other.

The journey to Songololo was accomplished by about noon, but perhaps it will not be out of place to add at this time impressions of the railway gained upon subsequent journeys.

It was upon a similar journey from Kimpese to Thysville that darkness overtook us. We should have arrived about six o'clock, but the train was, as usual, several hours late. Dusk rapidly deepened into the sudden equatorial night. The moon was not due until late, hence the night was very dark. The little engine struggling upward on the steep grade toward Thysville commenced to emit showers of sparks, for she was burning wood instead of the usual briquettes of coal. They punctuated the blackness of the night like a myriad of shooting-stars—chains of golden sparks spangling the velvet darkness, flying briskly to the rear and fading into the night, their places to be taken

by a new shower with every labored breath of the engine. I watched them with a good deal of pleasure until one of the burning particles alighted upon my forehead and others on my clothes. Then I hurriedly changed my seat. With the increased effort required by the upgrade the flying sparks became innumerable, and it took constant vigilance to preserve one's clothing from being burned. They fell on every side, even insinuating themselves between the cracks in the roof of the car. Occasionally the grass by the roadside would be kindled. Not infrequently serious damage is done. Recently the baggage-car of the train itself was ignited and all the baggage consumed.

One other experience of the little railway is worthy of narration. I was traveling with Mr. Clark from Thysville to Sona Bata. As usual no car was available except third class. Several negro men and one woman already occupied the section when we entered. We secured seats and were perfectly satisfied to take it for granted that the compartment might now be considered full. Not so the traveling public, however. The compartment was built for eight rather slender people, four to be seated on each side facing each other across a meager space left for the lower extremities of the group. A good many people were apparently going in the same direction as were we, and they piled in until the compartment contained ten of us besides thirteen pieces of baggage, including boxes, trunks, bags, and bundles, seven live chickens, two bales of produce comprising bananas, manioc, and cabbage, and to cap the climax a fine fat fish. At a later station the car was besieged with an army of others who desired to enter. One little black woman wrapped in a meager piece of purple cloth and with a round-headed, beady-



THE REINE ELIZABETH
Congo River

RAILROAD COACH
Congo River

eyed baby strapped upon her back, undertook to climb over Mr. Clark's shoulder and nearly sat on his head in an effort to land in our midst where she had apparently conceived that she might find comfortable lodgment. She got stuck half-way over, and the baby bobbed around on Mr. Clark's devoted head. The only place the lady could possibly have seated herself would have been upon one of our laps, and so we gently replaced her in the compartment from which she had come. She stood upon the edge of the seat behind and wept aloud, maintaining that no one would give her a seat and that some one had stolen her bundle of food. Finally the conductor was constrained to permit her to occupy his space, while he took up an uncomfortable position in the crowded aisle. We came to the conclusion that this was a case of the perseverance of the saints, as we discovered later that she belonged to the flock at Sona Bata and was on her way to the annual gathering.

Leaving the train at Songololo, the journey led over the hills on foot and by push-car. The latter is a one-wheeled machine containing a comfortable spring seat, like a sublimated wheelbarrow. It is handled by two men, one pulling and the other pushing. The ethics of the use of the " push-push " must be carefully observed lest the wheelmen administer a gentle admonition. One does not ride when going up-hill out of consideration for the carriers, nor down-hill out of consideration for one's own safety, and as it frequently seems that the path contains nothing but hills, one does little riding. However, occasionally one comes to a broad sweep of *nzanza* or plain and there will be a long stretch of level path. Needless to say such stretches are not popular with the carriers. They are

like little children. The following conversation took place between Mrs. Hill and her carriers:

"Oh, mamma, this is a very bad path."

"Why no, Paulo, it is a good path; smooth, straight and level."

"Oh yes, mamma, it is a good path for you but a very bad path for us."

"Why don't you like the path, Paulo?"

"There are no hills, mamma. When there are hills you get off and walk, and besides we like hills anyway for we do not get so tired."

The carriers' philosophy may be open to question, but after all it should be borne in mind that their preference for hills may be due to the fact that the effort is differently distributed among the muscles upon the hills than when traveling upon the plains. The flexors bear the chief strain going up and the extensors coming down. Besides the carriers suffer from monotony on the plain. There is no question but that "the hill difficulty" brings interest, diversion, and development. Moreover it calls out the auxiliary forces, deepens respiration, and enlarges the capacity of the chest.

The interminable hills over which one travels are for the most part stony and unsuitable for cultivation. The word *matadi* (rocky) is continually upon the carrier's lips. The stones are hard, rounded, iron-bearing pebbles of a prevailing red hue. They roll beneath the shoes and are unpleasant to the calloused feet of the porters. The paths wind in and out through valleys and over the summits of the mountains. The native pioneer who first beats out the trail bates not one jot of the steep ascent. Often when a smoother way around might easily have been found,

the path leads onward and upward over the very crest of the hill. The tortuosity of the trail is accounted for by the fact that the native never removes an obstacle from the path. " Where the tree falleth, there shall it lie," and though a thousand pass that way the obstacle remains, and the beaten path acquires additional sinuosity as the foot of the traveler passes around the obstruction.

The African traveler today has learned the limitations of wisdom as regards travel, which doubtless accounts in a large degree for his relative longevity. He equips himself for the journey with proper clothing, a cot and mosquito-netting, a water-bottle, a supply of good food and utensils to cook it, a table, a chair, and a tent if the season is wet. His push-car lightens the journey and the day's travel does not usually extend beyond seven hours. He starts in the early morning soon after it is light, and when the sun climbs the sky he halts for the midday meal and rests under the shade of the trees by the riverside, in the shelter of the tall grass, or in a native village. When the worst heat of the day is beginning to pass he resumes the path, and camps at nightfall.

In the dry season a camping-ground is sought on the top of one of the wind-swept hills not too far from water. There is a certain exhilaration in thus seeking one's rest under God's calm heavens. The nights are invariably cool. On one such occasion no suitable clearing could be found, and we stretched the camp along the path, erecting our cots parallel with the trail, lighting our fire at one end and setting up the table for supper in the middle. What with our own paraphernalia and the camp of the carriers, we occupied a section of the road a hundred yards or more long. It

had been a burning hot day contrary to custom, for at this season of the year the sky is uniformly overcast and it is quite cool, though it does not rain. The sun sank like a globe of molten copper, plunging below the horizon like an artificial sun in a mechanical picture. The cool breeze laden with the pungent tang of the burnt grass blew over the hill. The night was bright with the radiance of a half moon, and we could look up through the mosquito-netting to the wonderful canopy of the star-studded sky. The breeze rustled the tall grass about us and we could hear the whistle of the bats in the woods. The men were singing hymns about the fire. One could recognize an occasional strain, but these men are from the villages, and they alter the hymns beyond recognition, frequently giving them a plaintive minor strain. The glow of the firelight and the flickering shadows, together with the stillness of night falling upon the *nzanza,* induced the spirit of prayer, and we were not surprised to hear presently a steady murmur from the firelight in reverent and beseeching tones as one of the men led his fellows to the Throne of Grace.

The way frequently leads through native villages, and at times it is found convenient to remain overnight in one of them. Such a halt was made at Kiaba en route from Banza Manteke to Lukunga. It is a fair-sized village, having a hundred or more houses. The caravan halted at a house near the middle of the village. It was built of wood, had a good thatch and a front porch, and was two stories in height. Upstairs were two good rooms, a large table, a comfortable chair, and a wooden bed with a good mosquito-netting. On the front wall was written with chalk in well-formed letters:

Nzo yi ya nlongi Davidi Zalema
A. B. F. M. S.

This is the house of the teacher David Zalema
A. B. F. M. S.

David was very glad to see us and ruthlessly cleared his entire family out of the upper part of his house so that we might occupy it. The large table was put out upon the porch, and David produced a brilliant red-and-yellow cloth from a secret receptacle.

While supper was being prepared we held a meeting in the combined schoolhouse and church, a fair-sized thatched bamboo building. The lanterns gave a dim uncertain light, and David led the assembled company in vociferous song. There were men, women, and many children seated closely together upon the floor. In the daytime David holds school in the building; he has a blackboard, a few slates, and several first readers. But he utilizes also portions of Scripture and the hymn-book, so the young people receive secular and religious education together. His possibilities as a teacher do not go beyond simple reading and the more elementary arithmetical processes, but he starts the boys and girls upon the right road, and some of them go later to the station boarding-school.

I slept on the porch, much to the wonder and scandalization of David, who could not understand any one braving the night air when he might have been inside. We passed a troubled night, for besides the many pigs which were rambling and grunting beneath us, there was a poor woman in a neighboring house suffering from sleeping sickness who groaned the night through. David's house is a fair indication of what the gospel will do for the African. Twenty-five years

ago the average house was very small, too low to permit one to stand upright, with a door perhaps eighteen inches wide and no window. Their possessions were few and primitive. David's house is of course better than the ordinary dwelling even now, as he has had larger opportunities in education and contact with the white man than most of his fellows, but almost all the houses are much larger than formerly. Not a few are made of boards and contain articles of furniture such as beds, tables, and chairs. Moreover, they have learned the use of soap. The wearing of clothing requires the addition of chairs to the house furnishing, in order to keep the clothes clean, and soap becomes equally necessary to wash them when they become dirty.

We usually found it desirable to rise before five while on the road so that breakfast might be cooked and disposed of, and everything prepared ready to start shortly after daylight.

At times our way led through the long grass for hours. The path was often narrow, and traveling became difficult. It was necessary to part the tangled grass and push it away with the hands. The *nzanza* grass is somewhat shorter than the very tall grass of the river bottoms, but it is very rough and has sharp, cutting edges which scarify the incautious hand like a knife. It was the season for burning the grass, but when it is very green it does not burn well. The leaves flame off, leaving the harsh, blackened stem which has resisted the fire. We walked through many miles of this partially burned grass and emerged well-nigh as black as the carriers. The fine ash sifted through the meshes of our clothing and made Ethiopians of us.

After the heat of the sun it was always a grateful change to pass from the more exposed footpaths into a stretch of woods. The prolific soil lends itself to prodigal growth, and the underbrush of the forests is very dense. There are palm trees, fronded plants, giant baobabs, mahogany, and ironwood. Rattans twine about the larger trunks and branches. Great creepers twist upon themselves to form tough cables reaching from tree to tree and from the higher branches to the ground.

The larger rivers are crossed by canoes, but stepping-stones or a fallen tree serve to carry one over small streams. We crossed several native suspension bridges. They are very cleverly constructed of palm poles and creepers. The tough rattan fiber is used for this purpose. The bridge swings between two large trees. An approach is made by means of a rough ladder leading to a fork in the tree. The bridge leads over the fork and across the stream to a similar fork in the tree on the opposite bank, where there is also a ladder leading to the ground by a gentle incline. The bridge itself is made of wooden stringers bound together tightly by rattan. An intricate network of creepers on either side forms a bulwark as high as needful, and guys of rattan lead out to adjacent trees and to the branches above to steady the whole structure. It is capable of bearing considerable weight, and the carriers cross it fearlessly with their heavy loads.

In one of the villages through which we passed the people had recently killed a wild pig. The hind quarters still remained, and our carriers were very anxious that we should buy it for them. Mr. Hill refused to do so as the price was too high. This caused much

lamentation among the men as they are fond of meat. Even the next day they had not forgotten it and tried to work upon our sympathies. I could distinguish the repetition of the word *bisa* in their conversation. Mrs. Hill translated later. The men would heave an occasional sigh as they pulled the car:

"Oh mamma, mamma, the meat, the meat."

And again when we supposed it had been forgotten they would break out:

"The meat, mamma, we left it behind."

Still later:

"The meat, mamma, did you hear the smell of the meat?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma, the meat is not with us. If you had bought the meat our legs would have been strong to pull, but now we are weak."

Finally Mrs. Hill tired of the meat and said to them, "Which do you think is best, the meat you wanted, or the Word of God we came to bring you?"

Silence for a time, and then the burly black on the front of the car responds: "Oh mamma, the Word of God is best. We will forget the meat and say no more about it." And that was the last we heard of the meat.

Wild animals are still fairly abundant, and we saw not a few on our way between the villages. A herd of wild buffalo, eight in number, were grazing quietly upon the plain less than a quarter of a mile from the trail. Upon getting wind of us they raised their heads with a sudden toss, ran a score of yards or more, turned and gazed at us, stamping their feet in annoyance, and then making swiftly for the tall grass. In the early hours immediately after dawn one may often see deer of various kinds, a reddish animal which the natives

call *nsono,* a gray antelope called *nkaye,* and a larger deer with gracefully curved horns known as *vilangi.*

Animal trails are visible in every direction upon the hillsides. There are the well-trodden paths made by the buffalo traveling in herds, the cloven mark of the deer footprint, the shallow channel of the python's trail as he makes his way to his lair in the marsh grass, while the elephant's mark is the indiscriminate trampling of the tall grass and the circular outline of his great hoof. A marked feature of the lower Congo hillside is the innumerable small hills of the white ant. They become very hard and are mushroom-shaped. The carriers often utilize them as stools upon which to sit as they gather around the camp-fire.

Health conditions in lower Congo are considerably modified by the increasing altitude. Leaving Matadi one ascends steadily until Thysville is reached. This point is a little more than half-way to Stanley Pool and is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. It is fairly cool the year round and is wrapped in mist a good part of the time. The railway descends gradually from this point to Kinshasa, which is the rail-head and point of departure for river traffic, but even the latter is a thousand feet above the sea level.

Almost all the mission stations in lower Congo have a fair altitude, ranging from three hundred feet upward. In this part of the Congo there is a distinct dry season lasting from June to September during which one can count with almost mathematical certainty upon an absence of rain. One would suppose that in a tropical country such a long dry season would be excessively hot, but such is far from being the case. The sun is uniformly overcast by light clouds, and the entire period is cool and pleasant. In the opinion of

the white residents it corresponds to winter rather than to summer, and some complain that it is often disagreeably chilly. I have heard missionaries say that they have suffered more from cold in Congo than from heat. In the rainy season which begins toward the end of September, the rains are very heavy but are not continuous. They last for a few hours at a time, giving place to brilliant sunshine. The months from January to March constitute the disagreeable part of the year when rain and heat alternate. The altitude mitigates the excessive heat even during this period, however. At Sona Bata, which is on the railroad and has an altitude of about 1,600 feet, it is necessary to sleep with blankets the year round.

From the standpoint of travel a new world begins at Kinshasa. The latter is perhaps the most important town in Congo Belge, not excepting Boma and Elizabethville. It is practically the terminus of the railway and lies at the southwestern extremity of Stanley Pool. From this point 6,000 miles of waterways navigable for river steamers ramify in every direction throughout the colony. The main river, with its continuation, the Lualaba, carries the passenger with one or two interruptions 2,000 miles to the east and south almost as far as Elizabethville in the extreme southeast of the territory. It is a veritable mother of rivers. It has gathered its power from giant tributaries draining millions of hectares, tributaries which themselves might serve to float the fleets of nations. It has given riotous welcome to streams whose power might turn all the mill-wheels of the world, receiving them into its ample bosom as though they were mere rivulets. It has spread its garments broadly through the deep valleys of its course, some-

times narrowing to little more than a mile in width and sometimes spreading to cover a breadth of twenty miles or more, but still maintaining deep and strong currents between the shallows. It is difficult to form an exaggerated idea of the strength and extent of this inland system of waterways. At Tshumbiri the main river is about two miles wide. The extreme variation in rise and fall of the river at this point during the different seasons is twenty-four feet. This will give some idea of the volume of water passing through the main channels. Even the tributaries of its tributaries are mighty streams. The Kasai flows into the main river through the Kwa, which is its expanded mouth. Joining it a few miles above its confluence with the main river is the Kwangu, and this again receives as one of its many tributaries the Kwilu. Following the latter's course upward for many miles one still discovers it to be as broad and deep as the Missouri River at Kansas City.

The vessels plying upon these rivers vary very greatly in size from the little insignificant steam-launch to the recently built American steamer Kigoma of more than a thousand tons, provided with electric lights, refrigerating plant, adequate plumbing, and all modern conveniences.

One's fortune more often takes one, however, aboard the vessels of the more modest type. Here one is furnished with a cabin, but is expected to provide one's own pillows, blankets, sheets, wash-basin, etc. Should the cabins be already occupied, one has the privilege of sleeping on the deck on one's own traveling cot, which however is no great hardship unless a heavy squall comes up in the night, in which case one may suffer the temporary inconvenience of a wetting.

The long dry season enjoyed by the lower Congo region does not occur above Kinshasa. Rain may occur at any season of the year. It is more common, however, between October and March. The storms on the river are sometimes very violent. We were traveling on the S. S. Semois up the main river toward Coquilhatville when such a storm approached. The Semois is one of the larger river boats and had a long barge tethered at each side to receive cargo. These served to steady the vessel and rendered it a good deal safer on such an occasion. Nevertheless the captain felt it wise to seek shelter, and we tied up in the lee of one of the innumerable islands, nosing in among the rank marsh grass. Dark leaden clouds suddenly loomed ahead heavy with rain and wind. The barges presented such a broad expanse to the wind that it would have been impossible in any case to make headway. The storm broke upon us in a few moments. Heavy, driving rain misted the river with a curtain of moisture, violent gusts of wind lashed it into a transitory anger, while the great drops each with its own vicious thrust stirred thousands of dimpled circles across the broad water.

After a time the storm passes, but the river continues in one of its gray moods. The clouds above are broken but still dull and somber. The far shores grow almost black in the fading day, while the nearer greens have lost their glints of light. The river is full and sullen. The crowded trees and brush upon its banks and islands are partly submerged, and the lower limbs swim in the deep green of the water. Broken boughs catch the current as it passes and ripple it into shimmering lines. The whole surface of the stream quavers under the dull white and gray of the clouded sky;

patches of waveless oily peace alternate with irregular stretches of rippled surface. Concentric lines, latticed network, and rippling corrugations vary the face of the great stream as vary its hidden currents below. Every instant it changes its visage, weaving new pictures from the light and shadow above.

The moods of the river are innumerable. It is picking up heart of grace now. The prevailing leaden sky is gradually lightening to silvery white. A gentle breeze flecks the face of the water into uniform smiling ripples. The greens grow brighter upon the bank and mirror themselves more vividly in the shaded margin of the stream. A tinge of blue appears through the smoky white of the clouds, and the river's heaven is evidently about to smile. The shrubs and bushes become tipped with vivid spring, and here and there may be seen the brilliant scarlet of new leaves bursting forth upon the summit of a bush. Broad stretches of marsh grass extend along the banks at intervals. Occasionally the head and shoulders of men or women wielding paddles can be seen above the reeds. They present dark silhouettes like the shadows of manikins on a screen. One realizes that a canoe is making its difficult way along some narrow, hidden channel. A few ducks skim the surface of the marsh. The heron watches for its prey on the overgrown islet in midstream, while the marabou stalk in pairs upon the beach.

The captain of the Semois confided the care of the commissary department to the keeping of a mysterious tall individual who never appeared himself at meals nor mixed with the other passengers. He proved to be not merely an " autocrat of the breakfast-table " but also of the lunch- and dinner-table. He allowed us

one cup of coffee and one lump of sugar with it. Doctor Leslie made a dignified protest to the head waiter, but met with a gentle but firm refusal. More vigorous representation to the captain elicited several waterlogged sugar lumps from the hidden recesses of the cupboard but accompanied apparently by instructions that this indulgence was not to extend to the other passengers. The following morning the worm (in the form of one of our French fellow passengers) turned, and not only let loose the vials of his Gallic wrath upon the devoted heads of the entire group of waiters, but seizing the saucer in which had been presented one and a half wobegone oblongs of dubious sweetness for use in the coffee of three passengers he dashed furiously from the dining-saloon and invaded the sacred precincts of the captain's bridge, carrying with him the damning evidence of the chef's parsimony. "Are we little schoolboys," demanded the knight errant of the sugar strife, "that we cannot be trusted with the sugar bowl?" His companion explained to us that the French temperament is excitable. It may readily be understood that upon the river boats the burning question of the day is whether the captain shall "chop" you or whether you shall "chop" yourselves.

It was far up the Kwilu that we witnessed an interesting Congo phenomenon—a tropical snowstorm, or what looked very like it. Following the sunrise a storm of fluttering white butterflies came sailing down the river. There were myriads of them, filling the air like snowflakes, their wings softly white in the early morning sun, here and there and everywhere. The tiny ripples in the water elongated their mirrored images and multiplied the number again. It is their

breeding flight. By and by they will be found dead upon the water miles below.

There is something quite fascinating about the moonlit evening on the river. The tropical stars, the majestic moon over all, the smooth, still flow of the water, the deeper shadows under the bank where the trees show black in the stream; the ripples of light on the waves as they flow diagonally back from the bow; the barges tethered on each side of the stream, their flat iron tops with little glowing wood-fires—all create an atmosphere of charm with which the group of shining black bodies in the dusk about the fires is entirely consonant. There is the bitter tang of the wood smoke, the murmur of talk in native tongues, a sudden laugh, and occasionally there will come a cheerful irresponsible bellow from below as one of the men feels the need for giving vent to his feelings.

The schedules of the river steamers are very uncertain quantities. It behooves the traveler when starting out to be ready for any emergency. It adds a piquant charm to life to realize that any ordinary journey may bring adventure of varied and interesting character. When the group of American Baptist missionaries left Bolenge to go into Lake Ntumba for their conference at Ntondo, the Disciples' Mission was kind enough to place at its disposal its mission steamer Oregon for the brief journey. The weather was very wet. The captain's cabin had been assigned to Doctor Leslie and myself. It leaked like a sieve. Little trickles of water from the roof found first my right ear, then my occiput, then the lumbar region, then my feet, and afterward the attack became general. I squirmed from place to place endeavoring to contract my anatomy to the narrowing dimensions of the

habitable portions of my cot. Finally there was only a small dry spot left, and I sat up Indian fashion with a cotton blanket about me and communed with Doctor Leslie on the beauties of the night. The blanket grew ever wetter, so I pattered out barefoot through the puddles and secured my raincoat. Wrapped in this and my one woolen blanket I dozed through the remaining wetness of the night. The story of our party as we left the lake a week later and proceeded down the river reads like an Odyssey.

We left Ntondo on a very small steamer belonging to the Sedec Company, for which we had made special arrangements. The name of the boat was the Deliverance. The journey across the lake was without event, but at the outlet a storm struck us. The tempest came down with great violence, and the captain was forced to run the boat into the bank. The suddenness of the approach of the storm gave no time for choice of a site. The water was lashed into furious waves, which beat upon us, driving the boat higher and higher among the reeds. The captain endeavored to put out steadying anchors but unsuccessfully. Fortunately, it was over in an hour or so, and we got the boat off the bank and proceeded, arriving at Irebu, the military post, where we hoped to get a larger boat down the river after nightfall. Commandant Hanson was very kind to us and provided two houses for our accommodation. Like wise African travelers we had with us everything needed for health and comfort.

The following day we witnessed a parade of the native troops, about 800 in number, and the awarding of prizes for good marksmanship. The black soldiers in their red-trimmed khaki uniforms, red sashes and fezzes, made a picturesque sight. It was a fête day,

and following the parade they had holiday. An additional source of satisfaction to them was that they had just killed an elephant. All the morning they were pushing great wheelbarrows filled with pieces of the meat and depositing it in a malodorous heap at the side of the parade-ground. It smelled to high heaven, but their mouths watered for it. Our boys came and begged that we secure some of it for them. Groups of soldiers passed dragging between them a great limb of the animal or some other convenient portion of its anatomy. The perfume was searching and penetrating. It was a fearsome thing, palpable and ponderable.

It is scarcely matter for surprise that we were not wholly sorry when word came that the steamer which was to call for us refused to put in to Irebu and that it would be necessary for us to proceed in canoes to Gombe, the next point down the river, which is a more convenient port of call. Even the threat of rain was not sufficient to prevent our fleeing that all-pervading effluvia. Not until we had paddled some miles down the river did we feel free from the noisome pestilence.

A canoe is a delightful conveyance by which to travel. You are down near to the water and can mark the current gliding swiftly past. The rowers sing their little songs while one of them beats time on the gunwale. Many little things come to your notice which escape you on the larger river boats. After a time it began to rain dismally, a fine, penetrating, and continuous drizzle. It wet through my roll of bedding which was in the bottom of the canoe. This, however, I did not discover until the opportune hour of bedtime at Gombe. We were all fairly wet in spite of our raincoats. But upon arrival at Gombe we walked briskly in the late afternoon sun and were soon dry.

Here again we were indebted to the military authorities for shelter. The Commandante placed several buildings at our disposal. We had hoped to get away promptly, but our boat was delayed, and we were there several days. In the meantime our provisions commenced to run short, and we were forced to skirmish in every direction for further supplies.

The second night we had an experience without which no African journey may be said to be complete, although many missionaries live for years in the country without going through it.

Doctor King and I had been assigned to a house on the main road. We were in profound slumber when I was suddenly brought to consciousness by my companion lighting a match. No sooner had the flickering flame steadied sufficiently for him to discern the trouble than he ejaculated one word, gave a leap out of bed and into his shoes, and a second leap landed him outside and in the middle of the road. One motion freed him from his pajamas, which fell at his feet, while he stood naked and writhing in the brilliant silvery moonlight, picking at his back as though at the strings of a lute.

The word he had uttered was "Drivers," and I was sufficiently conscious to realize that the driver-ants had invaded our house. Naturally, I was but little behind Doctor King, and for some time we industriously chased the marauding insects up and down our spines. The whole house was a prey to them; myriads of them were at work through the entire building. Beds and bedding were alive with them. When our persons were sufficiently free from them we made many hasty adventures into the stricken house, stamping our feet lustily the while, as we seized some por-

tion of the bed furniture, mosquito-netting, or blankets, carrying them out piece by piece. Then began the difficult task of freeing the beds and bedding from the ants out in the roadway. Fortunately, the moon was at the full. A cinema would have given Doctor King immortal fame as he danced in the moonlight, a fantastic figure waving a sheet in the breeze. After some two hours of work we succeeded in erecting the beds complete some distance from the house in the middle of the road and passed the rest of the night quietly.

The following morning the drivers had quitted our bedroom finding little edible material there, but the army was still on its way marching in front of the house. They are marvelous little creatures and seem to have an intricate social organization of their own. Their line of march is preserved as accurately as by an army of men. The ordinary worker is rather small but exercises herculean strength in the way of porterage, frequently carrying a dead insect two or three times as large as himself. There are soldier-ants several times as large as the workers and having large, heavy mandibles which give one a formidable nip. You may pull the body from the head without loosening the grip. These are ever ready to protect the line of march and sometimes make an arched way for the workers to walk under by standing on their hind legs and joining their mandibles above the moving caravan.

Scouts of medium size are sent out here and there on every side. These intelligent agents search in every direction for food, and when they have found it give orders for the workers to disperse and clean up the area chosen. There are also engineers. The line of march ran along the gutter in front of the house. At one place the earth was broken away, and the path

was uncertain. There was danger that the laden carriers might slip down-hill. A row of the large engineer-ants placed themselves at the point of danger and supported the path while the army passed. Incredible stories are told about the driver-ants, but these personal observations will serve to indicate their high organization and almost human intelligence.

In process of time our boat arrived. There was room for but seven while our party numbered fourteen, but the persuasive powers of Mr. Clark succeeded in convincing the captain that he could take us all, and we proceeded down the river.

Four o'clock is perhaps the most trying period of the Congo day. But later, when the sun is only a little above the horizon, begins the hour of compensation. Its level rays shine benignly over the trees and the water, turning both the surface of the river and the forest upon the opposite bank to a golden resplendent green. The river seems smooth and oily like a great stream of petroleum sliding away beneath one. It mirrors with a hazy film the rich greens of the shore: the lush growth of marsh-grass, the deep greens of the older foliage, the tender tints where the new leaves are appearing, and the deeper olive of the palm fronds. Appearing here and there are the gray contorted limbs and trunks and the pendant creepers and vines.

Over against the green of the mirrored foliage was the reflected blue of the intense tropical evening sky with the sharp relief of two massive banks of clouds, glistening white as snow in the declining light. Congo's sunsets are at their best on the river. The sinking sun is surrounded by a glorious panoply of vivid hues; brilliant crimson against a background of old

rose and gold; royal purple fading into the blue and slate of the distant hills which seem to block the river channels; rainbow hues of intermediate colors; intervening clouds stained with orange and violet and pale mauve. It is the glory of Congo's day. Fading and blending, combining and recreating, the picture changes from moment to moment as the full-orbed sun declines like an incandescent metal shield into the distance of the stream.

When it is quite gone and the more vivid colors have faded, the tender memories of day seem to hover about the sunset sky in delicate tints of baby blue and pink and opalescent green, until the quiet and peace of evening is upon the river. The shadows on the water are deeper, and the greens pass from olive almost to black. The breeze has arisen, and the air is cool and sweet. As one sits in the stillness one awakens soon to a realization that one is breathing the coolness of evening beneath God's great family of stars. It is the redeeming hour of Congo's day, and it is filled with a poignant beauty which stills and rests the soul, quiets the overstrained nerves, and brings conviction of the day of full redemption which shall yet be.

II

CREATING A STATION

"This Conference would impress upon the Christian world, and especially upon the Protestant churches of America, the remarkable significance of the present moment in the history of Africa missions and the responsibility resting upon the Christian church to provide *now* the resources of men and money, the strategy in the disposal of the Christian forces, and the outpouring of prayer that shall make it possible to use to the full the God-given opportunity to take Africa *now* for Christ."

—From Findings of Conference on Africa, held in New York, November 20-22, 1917.

CREATING A STATION

A matter of the most fundamental importance in mission work in Africa is the choosing of the site in the creation of a station. Cities being unknown in the interior and large towns infrequent, the site is not predetermined for the missionary. He has the advantage of being able to chose from the entire field and locate his base where he will. Both wisdom and experience, therefore, are highly important factors in deciding where to build. Today, profiting by the past, it is possible to locate missions with a considerable degree of assurance that the site is well chosen. Certain general principles have emerged, and the missionary who has his own experience to guide him or who is willing to profit by the experience of others need make no mistake.

In the early days, however, it was an entirely different matter. Stanley had just completed his overland journey, and with the exception of the meager data thus furnished, nothing was known of the interior of the Congo. There was no railroad, river navigation was untried, even the caravan trail from Matadi to the Pool was undeveloped. There stretched before the early pioneers vast unknown areas in which the imagination pictured forests, plains, mountains, great rivers, lakes, villages, hostile tribes, slave raiders, and cannibals, coloring the whole with the lurid light shed by the awful history of Portuguese misrule and oppression in Angola.

The lower Congo is a succession of rolling hills, some of which may be dignified by the name of mountains. It was over these stony hills that the first missionaries tramped their way to substantial achievement. The aim of the Livingstone Inland Mission was to cross the Congo River, follow its course to Stanley Pool, and establish work on the upper reaches beyond.

Henry Richards and his two companions, working upon this program, did their utmost to get across the river to its northern shore. They sought in every direction but found no way of crossing. Canoes there were none, and the river was too deep to ford. Moreover, the natives refused to render any aid. His two companions, finding it impossible to go forward, resolved to return to Palabala where a station had already been established. Mr. Richards refused to accompany them, saying, "No, we came out to evangelize this country, and here I shall stay." Presently he came to the region round about the present station of Banza Manteke. He sought to settle in the valley, but the natives refused to give him aid. He set about building a bamboo and clay hut in the valley. Several Kroo boys had accompanied him from the coast, but when the house was finished all but two of them returned to Matadi.

Providentially, he was enabled to gain the confidence of the chief Makokila who, although still a heathen, lent powerful protection to the strange white man from over the seas. This brought upon him the enmity of the surrounding chiefs who started war against him. Makokila's championship of the white man cost him not a little. When Mr. Richards was returning to America many years later, Makokila

seemed to have a presentiment that he should not live until his friend's return and uttered many protestations of regret at his going. Mr. Richards laughingly said to him: "You do not really love me, Makokila. It is nothing to you whether I go or stay." The old chief raised the arm of his flowing robe and showed a long scar extending from above the elbow to the middle of the forearm. "White man," said he, "I got this for you."

A few months after the first settlement Stanley passed that way over the caravan trail leading from Matadi to Lukunga and thence to Stanley Pool. He spoke of the inadvisability of locating residences in the sheltered places between the hills on account of the mosquito-infested marshes found in such localities, and led Richards to transfer the station to its present site on the very summit of one of the numerous hills in this part of the Congo. This necessitated rebuilding, and Mr. Richards was forced to carry through the work largely by his own hands. The natives would not help him. "Why should we?" they inquired. "We have everything we want. Our wives do the work, we have plenty to eat and sufficient cloth; let the white man build his own house."

The new site proved to be well adapted for the purpose and became the center of influence from which the gospel was spread far and wide in the surrounding country. It was one day when Mr. Richards went singing along the mountain path between two villages that the first encouragement came to him indicating that an impression was being made. "White man," said his companion suddenly, "I believe those words." "Do you really believe?" replied Richards. "Yes," said his companion, "and I will follow them." This

was the beginning of the harvest. The man was greatly persecuted in his village and had to escape to Mr. Richards to avoid the poison ordeal.

Similar experiences may be recounted of every new section of the Congo which has been opened to the gospel. While Richards, Harvey, Comber, Bentley, and others were pushing out into the whole of the lower Congo, and occupying it for Christ, Grenfell of the Baptist Missionary Society of England was making his great pioneer journeys by boat up the course of the main river and its tributaries. Every new area preempted meant a grapple with native prejudice and an adventure of faith wherein the missionary jeoparded his life. Beautiful Lake Ntumba lies just off the main river below Coquilhatville. The military post of Irebu now marks the place where the channel leading to the lake joins the Congo. Clark and Billington pointed the nose of the little mission steamer, Henry Reed, in through this passage one day, and emerging upon the quiet waters of the lake realized that here were good possibilities for the erection of a mission station. They crossed the lake diagonally to the east shore and made a landing, but not a native was in sight. Years afterwards when the people had come to know and love Mr. Clark, one of them told him their side of the story. It was the cannibal tribe of Lotumba. They knew all about the recent invasions of the white man farther down the river and had made up their minds that no white men should live among them. They ambushed themselves in the trees and bushes along the shore and watched the little steamer approach with much eagerness. It was planned that as soon as her prow touched the beach they should run out in great numbers, seize the steamer, drag it up the beach, kill and eat the

NATIVE DANCE

white men, possessing themselves of their goods. Such black men as were in the party were to be kept as slaves. Unfortunately, the program did not work out just as they had planned. The boat drew steadily in. They could see the white men moving about on the deck. She approached the beach, the bell rang to reverse the engine. Suddenly an awful burst of steam issued from the side of the monster, while there came a shrill howl from above. It was more than the natives had bargained for. They took to their heels and fled in mortal terror into the deeper reaches of the forest beyond. The white men landed, set up their tent and prepared to remain. Gradually, as their terror subsided, the natives emerged from the bush and timidly approached. Neither Clark nor Billington could speak their language at this time, but they signed to them to approach and finally began to trade with them. They needed fire-wood for the engines of the boat and succeeded in making the natives understand what they desired. The trading continued all that day and the next, the missionaries buying all the wood brought although it was far beyond their needs. The price was insignificant, but the contact was of the very greatest import, for it proved the initial step in the establishment of Ikoko Station and the evangelizing of the entire region round about.

The development of the pioneer missionary's housing accommodation usually runs on schedule, though the appearance of the various stages is subject to much irregularity. It starts with an extended picnic during which the missionary camps out in a tent upon the beach. Mrs. Clark tells of the *al-fresco* meals of early days at Ikoko when a tent was their only shelter. Dining-room there was none, so the table was set out

under the trees to the intense curiosity of the villagers. Inquisitive eyes watched every movement. Sugar was put in the coffee. What could this white powder be? Surely it must be salt. The very question, unexpressed except by flashing eye and twitching fingers, formed a point of contact. Mrs. Clark beckoned to one of the women, and when she had so far overcome her timidity as to approach within arm's length, she placed a little sugar in the palm of her hand. The woman immediately carried it to her lips, but anticipating salt, the taste impressed her disagreeably, and she spat it out. Afterwards Mrs. Clark handed the woman a little salt which passed from hand to hand, and was partaken of with great satisfaction.

The next step is the erection of a hut after the native fashion. Woven bamboo forms its walls, and its roof is a thick thatch of long grass or palm leaves. This forms the family shelter until it can be replaced by a more permanent structure. It is one of these flimsy huts which Mr. Clark describes as the first dwelling occupied by himself and Mrs. Clark at Ikoko. The natives were suspicious and not overfriendly. They refused to provide a suitable site for a house and Mr. Clark had to use his own judgment in choosing. The first hut made was twenty-seven feet long and was divided into sections; first a store, then a dining-room, then a bedroom. It was made of green bamboo which shrank as soon as it dried, leaving such interstices as Pyramus might have employed to woo Thisby. Pitiless publicity was endured during the day, but at night they blew out the light and undressed in the dark. It was discovered that the house was built upon a recently used burial-ground. Mrs. Clark was taken seriously ill with dysentery, which added to the already

heavy burden of expectant motherhood. Then God blessed the pioneer missionaries beyond their anticipations. Twins put in an appearance. The mother was too ill to nurse them, and one can easily picture the sleepy father worn out with watching and the burdens of the new work, waking at night to do duty as nurse. No wonder it is related of him that he held the baby on his knee and thrust the nipple in its eye.

A provisional but somewhat more substantial dwelling is constructed by the aid of interlaced bamboos placed at regular intervals. Balls of clay are thrust into the interstices to act as rude bricks, and the whole is plastered inside and out with the sticky mud. The mixture is improved by pulverizing ant-hills and adding the powder to the mud. The glutinous secretion with which the ants construct their homes adds to the solidity and impermeability of the walls. They may be from four to eight inches thick, and become very hard. Houses of this kind sometimes last for many years. The floor is commonly the beaten earth upon which are placed native mats. Weather-proof as such houses may be, they are not sufficiently commodious to furnish the missionary with a satisfactory home for permanent occupancy. Sooner or later he must plan to replace these buildings with wood or brick. Here the arts of cutting and preparing lumber, brickmaking, joining and finishing come into requisition and the missionaries' necessities give rise to an industrial school.

It is difficult for those who are unfamiliar with tropical forests to form an accurate idea of the density of the growth. Stanley has been criticized for speaking of the "impenetrable forests" through which he was forced to make a way in his descent from Ujiji to

the coast. But as a matter of fact, most African forests tend to the impenetrable. The main elements of these forests seem to be towering giant trees which lift straight trunks undeviatingly toward the sky to break above into a spreading mass of gnarled and crooked branches overarching the jungle. They are teak, ironwood, baobab, camwood, and many native woods known to the inhabitants of the country but to which so far as one can learn no civilized name has been attached. These form the framework of the great forest, but interspersed are lesser trunks, palms, borasus, and bamboos, while beneath all are shrubs, thorny bushes, straggling limbs, and fallen trees. Giant creepers depend from the topmost branches, reaching to the ground like stout ropes, ready to the hands and feet of the monkey tribe. The wicker palm from which furniture is made, climbs freely over the outer branches, while below stout trailing vines weave themselves in and out through every available interstice rendering progress totally impracticable until a path has been cut. It is not infrequent that one sees a tree literally growing about another, twining its trunk and branches about the supporting trunk and gradually crushing the life out of it. Deep vivid green is the prevailing impression that the forest makes upon one; an olive-green ocean of leaves broken by the occasional gray of contorted trunks and limbs. But here and there a lovely contrast is furnished by the blossom-burdened tracery of a vine which flings its pink or purple spray over the crown of some forest lord.

Two axes, a saw, a hammer, a box of nails, two bales of cloth, and ten sacks of salt comprised the working equipment with which Dr. W. H. Leslie

hewed Vanga out of the primitive African jungle. With this meager outfit he attacked the tangled mass of underbrush and interlacing creepers which bind together age-old jungle giants and form with them Congo's menacing denial to the pioneering onslaught of the missionary. He forced his way up the declivity of the bank of the river Kwilu and, despite brush-nurtured tsetse fly and ubiquitous mosquito, bit by bit pushed back the wild forest until he had won the broad sweep of a splendid plateau from the wilderness.

This is not ancient missionary history, for its beginnings date from the year 1913. The forbidding mass of vegetation reared itself above the river-bank and cast its heavy shadow over the water. Beyond the fringe of forest skirting the river lay cannibal villages absolutely untouched by the gospel and very little acquainted with the white man and his ways. The first day's clearing yielded little more than space for the tent on the beach, but day after day the two axes and the saw cut deeper and deeper into the intricate mass until the summit was reached, and then the hammer and the box of nails came into play. In the brief period which has intervened since its opening the station has spread over the entire plateau. Its twenty-one wattle-and-mud buildings include the homes of the missionaries, the church, the school, the dispensary, the carpenter-shop, the houses for schoolboys, the girls' dormitory, the printing-shop, and the guest-house. It presents an attractive and orderly village crowning the rise from the river with plaza, main street, and pineapple-bordered avenue running backward between plantations of manioc, coffee, and bananas to the main road leading to the native village.

This attractive base, wrested from endless miles of

prevailing wilderness, is merely the starting-point from which pioneer journeys have carried the message far and wide through hundreds of miles of plain and forest, until no less than fifty villages have responded to the call and welcomed both gospel preaching and the establishment of schools.

Eight days distant a main outpost has been established in the village of Moanza which, while dependent for direction and encouragement upon the station of Vanga, has itself become a center of power and light. Twenty-two additional village schools and preaching services are under the care of Mpambu, the vigorous African leader whose story is told elsewhere.

The little bush school is a primitive establishment. Its home is usually a grass-thatched native hut, its equipment a few slates and a primer or two, and its presiding genius a young lad whose own mental furnishing takes him little beyond Bible stories and long division; but it is these little village schools which furnish the introduction to the mystery of letters, awaken the desire for a fuller life, and point the way to better and larger things. The trail which leads the missionary over the hills and plains to the cluster of native huts with Bible and school-book, turns back upon itself when the unrest of untried possibilities takes possession of the heart of the youth of the village, and one day a group of boys manifestly not urban in their appearance, equipped with a yearning for knowledge and little else except a piece of cloth varying in size from a few inches to a yard draped artistically amidships, make their appearance at the main station to enter the boarding-school. These lads receive an invariable welcome, and as they are perfectly capable of working for a living they do not become a charge upon the mis-

sion, but vary their wrestlings in the schoolroom with equally strenuous exercises in the forest and manioc patch. The physical equipment of the station, houses, shops, roads, fences, gardens, owes itself to the industry of the schoolboys in their desire for learning. And every new enterprise becomes a new educational factor. If houses are to be built lumber is required, and the white man goes into the forest with saws and men, emerging with a supply of sawed planks and a company of expert sawyers. Bricks are needed; he takes another group of lads, locates a clay bank, and dabbles in it. Perhaps to the missionary himself the task may have been little more than an academic theory previously, but slowly forms are made, kilns are erected, and bricks materialize, while brickmakers and bricklayers are produced in the process.

There are now more than two hundred boys and young men at Vanga Station. Both school building and chapel are filled to their capacity with classes, and those who cannot find accommodation within pursue their scholastic work on a bench out under a tree. There are classes of small boys and girls learning to read from charts in monosyllables, ba, be, bi, bo, bu. There are others beginning to add and subtract. There are larger youths struggling with the mysteries of the first reader in their own language or languages, for three are in use. The classes in mathematics occasionally go as far as fractions, and the subject is then known as "the study which causes trouble for the head." Each of these classes is under the leadership of a more advanced scholar who may not be either the largest or eldest by any means. Most astonishing of all is a group of young men who are grappling with French, and who repeat in quite understandable man-

ner such profound phrases as *Ou est mon chapeau?* and *Le chat est sur le table.* Far from despicable progress has been made by some of them, and knowing, of course, nothing of their native tongue, the writer had the satisfaction of communicating directly with some of them by means of the simple French sentences they have learned.

Educators everywhere will agree, however, that all of education is not comprised in the schoolroom, and even primitive educational institutions are not exempt from the disturbances caused by love's young dream. The young men gathering at Vanga speedily made known to their teacher that they were betrothed, and moreover that they were anxious that the village belles upon whom social custom and the wishes of their uncles had decreed that their youthful affections should be set, should receive similar educational advantages to those which they themselves were enjoying.

This presented to the missionary a serious problem, but in the fashion of missionaries everywhere he immediately recognized in it a new opportunity, and at the opposite side of the village under the protecting wing of the home of the single woman missionary, Miss Grage, he caused to be erected another building of the prevailing bamboo-and-clay type to shelter such young girls as the missionaries were able to induce to come to the station. There are now fifty-five of these young ladies and all of them engaged. Let the imagination dwell upon it. Fifty-five engaged couples upon one station with Cupid panting from overwork and fatigue under a tropical sun. But these young people have other matters to occupy their attention than love-making. The day's activities begin at sunrise or a little before. The girls are led in companies to their

PUTTING THATCH ROOF ON THE CHAPEL
Vanga

VANGA SCHOOLBOYS
Taking a Swim

work in the gardens which they weed and plant with manioc. The boys and young men have previously done the heavier spade work and are now away at their house-building, brick-making, or other tasks. The girls continue through the day, alternating industrial and domestic studies with book work in the schoolroom. What with the busy activities of the day, the work, the study, the preparation and consumption of the meals, and in the afternoon the merry games in which all join, the boys in their own precincts and the girls in theirs, the complications of propinquity are avoided. Moreover, it may be noted that the girls range from ten years old upward. Proper occasions for meeting between the boys and girls are arranged under suitable oversight. The boys have the satisfaction of knowing that the future partners of their joys and sorrows are being cared for and trained against the day when they are ready to take a wife, and the girls blossom happily into a richer and fuller life than ever could have been theirs under the social conditions of the heathen village.

This system of wife and husband training has already been working at Vanga for some years, and not a few young couples have been graduated into a happy home life and useful Christian service. It has given rise to another unique institution. Behind the mission station a little farther up the hill, separated from the compound by coffee and manioc patches, is a model village built by the graduate young couples. No one is permitted to locate in the village except Christian young couples who have gone through the schools. Each young man builds a house for his bride. They are on a uniform plan, square in outline, have two commodious rooms, are constructed of wood and clay, and

have properly fitted doors and windows. The roof is of grass. Each has its own enclosure with a garden where grow paypays, bananas, sweet potatoes, manioc, peppers, and other vegetables. Chickens are found in almost every yard, and there is an occasional goat. The houses face each other on the two sides of a wide, cleanly swept street. The interiors of the houses are neat and clean and are furnished in some cases with tables and chairs. All have beds and mosquito-nettings. Considerable effort has been put forth by the owners to make them attractive. Behind each house is a small cook-house of lighter materials. When the young people marry they join the village and commence their married life under favorable Christian surroundings which enable them to avoid entanglement from the first with the old vicious customs of the heathen village. Some of these young couples are even learning to eat together, a very great departure from ancient custom, but a practise which will do much to favor the establishment of the Christian home as we know it.

After some consideration the boys chose the name of Belge for their little village. They look forward to establishing their houses there with a great deal of pleasure, and it proves an incentive to good work during their school career. The young couples are encouraged to remain in Belge only for a year or two, until family habits are established. They then return to their own village carrying with them the riches of a new understanding, an enlightened heart, cleanly habits, and better methods of living.

The situation at Vanga has been described in some detail as it is a fairly typical instance of the creation and development of a mission station. It must be

borne in mind, however, that similar efforts varying only in manner and detail are now being carried on far and wide throughout the Congo territory. There are now 534 missionaries at work in the territory covered by the General Conference of Protestant Missionaries, and all of them are devoting themselves to the establishment or development of such stations. The significance of the movement is difficult to gage. Unquestionably it is profoundly affecting the life of the country. Social abuses such as cannibalism, fetishism, polygamy, are being greatly mitigated, the power of the witch-doctor is waning, the poison ordeal is disappearing, tribal wars are far less frequent. New moral ideals are being established, ideas of cleanliness are replacing the older filthy living conditions, the native is raised from a mat on the floor to a chair, books begin to unfold their secrets to the child mind of the people, and above all a positive, sin-conquering, Christ-revealing faith is taking the place of the ancient religion of terror and degrading superstition.

Comparison between the statistics of two decades ago and those of the present day reveals remarkable progress:

	1902	1920
Missionaries	190	534
Stations	40	107
Native Workers	602	5,166
Church-members	6,521	55,000
Scholars	10,162	100,000

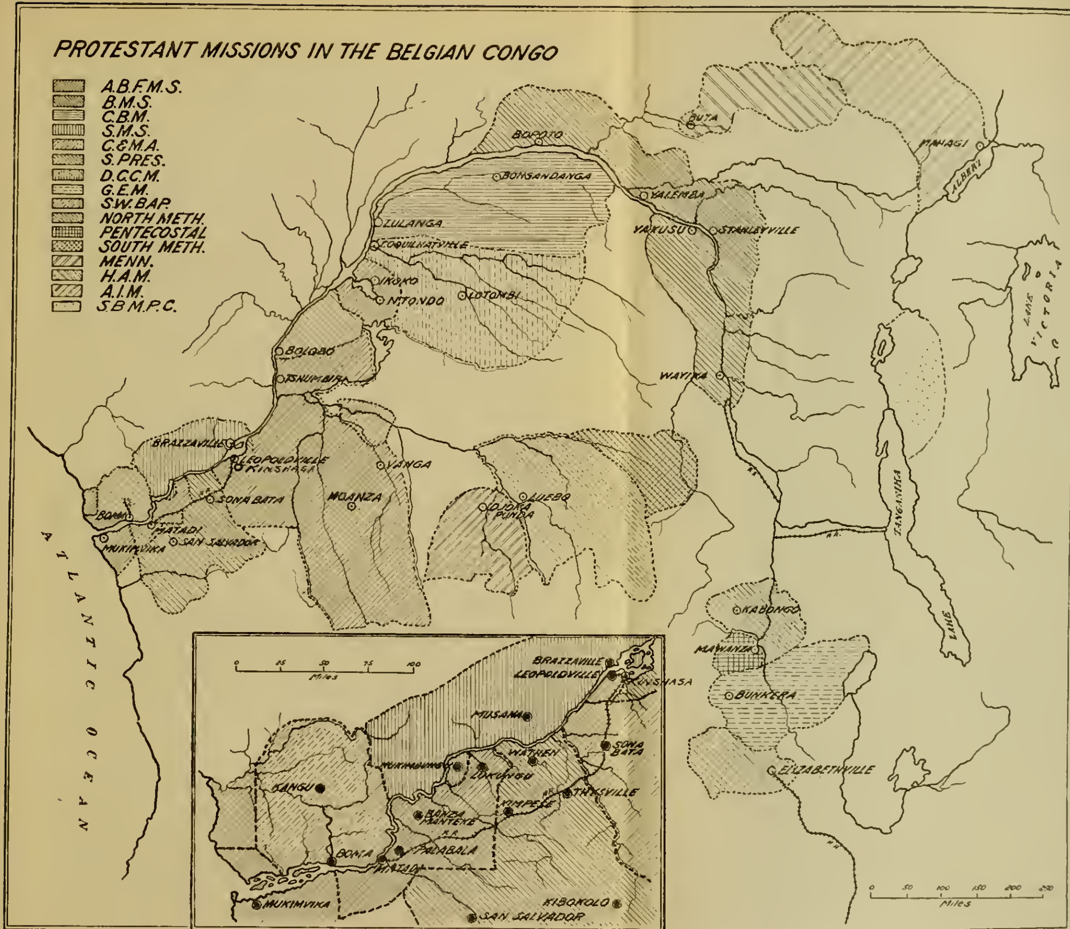
The figures for 1920 are not entirely complete, but the above is sufficiently accurate for purposes of comparison. The present population of Congo is about twelve million. Of these four million are being

reached by existing agencies, four million more are within the radius of present influence, while the remaining four million must be provided for by new agencies or the expansion of the work of agencies now in the field.

The Societies at work in Congo at present are:

A. B. F. M. S.	American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society
A. I. M.	Africa Inland Mission
A. P. C. M.	American Presbyterian Congo Mission
B. M. S.	Baptist Missionary Society (of England)
C. B. M.	Congo Balolo Mission
C. I. M.	Congo Inland Mission
C. & M. A.	Christian and Missionary Alliance
D. C. C. M.	Disciples of Christ Congo Mission
G. E. M.	Garanganze Evangelical Mission
H. A. M.	Heart of Africa Mission
M. B. M.	Memorial Baptist Mission
M. E. C. M. (North)	Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission
M. E. C. M. (South)	Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission
P. M.	Pentecostal Mission
S. D. A.	Seventh Day Adventists
S. M.	Swedish Mission
W. M.	Westcott Brothers' Mission
S. B. M.	Swedish Baptist Missionary Society
U. S. M.	Ubangi-Shari Mission
S. B. M. P. C.	Société Belge de Missions Protestantes au Congo

The western section of the Congo includes Bas Congo, Moyen Congo, and Kwango districts. This is the area


PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO
A.B.F.M.S.
B.M.S.
C.B.M.
S.M.S.
C.&M.A.
S.PRES.
D.C.C.M.
G.E.M.
S.W.BAP.
NORTH METH.
PENTECOSTAL
SOUTH METH.
MENN.
H.A.M.
A.I.M.
S.B.M.P.C.
BUTA
BOPOTO
MAHAGI
ALBERT
BONSANDANGA
YALEMBA
YAKUSU
STANLEYVILLE
LULANGA
COQUILHATVILLE
IKOKO
NTONDO
LOTUMBI
BOLOBO
TSHUMBIRI
WAYIKA
LAKE VICTORIA
BRAZZAVILLE
LEOPOLDVILLE
KINSHASA
VANGA
SONA BATA
MOANZA
LUEBO
DJOKA PUNDA
BOMA
MATADI
SAN SALVADOR
MUKIMVIKA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TANGANIKA
LAKE
KABONGO
MWANZA
BUNKEYA
ELIZABETHVILLE
R.R.
0 50 100 150 200 250
Miles
0 25 50 75 100
Miles
BRAZZAVILLE
LEOPOLDVILLE
KINSHASA
MUSANA
SONA BATA
WATHEN
LUKUNGU
KANGU
THYSVILLE
KIMPESE
BANZA MANTEKE
PALABALA
BOMA
MATADI
MUKIMVIKA
KIBOKOLO
SAN SALVADOR

first occupied by Protestant missionaries forty-three years ago. It is undoubtedly the most adequately cared-for section of the Congo field. The Baptist Missionary Society, the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, the Swedish Mission Society, and the Christian and Missionary Alliance are working here. The two latter Societies extend their work into the French territory adjacent. The Kwango district still presents a population of 300,000, with only one station and an effective outstation for its evangelization, but the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society is planning advance work in this area, and it seems probable that it can be cared for without the introduction of other missionary societies.

The northern section of Congo comprises the districts of Ubangi, Bangala, Bas Uele, Haut Uele, Ituri, and Stanleyville. Five Societies are working here: the Africa Inland Mission, the Heart of Africa Mission, the Cooperative Baptist Missions of North America, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission. The Ubangi Shari Mission, which also affiliates with the General Conference of Protestant Missionaries, working in Congo, has established a mission at Bozoum among the Karre people in French Equatorial Africa adjacent to Congo Belge. All the work carried on in this area is still new. The field is vast and still inadequately occupied. New societies might find a sphere of service here.

It is in this section that the gap exists in the chain of mission stations across equatorial Africa so long dreamed and talked of. Mr. W. J. W. Roome, F. R. G. S., Agent for East Africa of the British and Foreign Bible Society, came by bicycle through this area in order to attend the General Conference of

Protestant Missionaries meeting in Bolenge, October 30 to November 7, 1921. Starting from his headquarters at Kampala, Uganda, he left Uganda beyond Fort Portal entering the district of Ituri, Congo Belge. From the last outstation of the Church Missionary Society Uganda mission located at Mboga on the Belgian side of the border to Yakusu, the Baptist Missionary Society station on the upper reaches of the Congo near Stanleyville, there is a populous region of five hundred miles still entirely unevangelized. Mr. Roome counted two hundred and three villages along the line of his march and noted six points at which mission stations might possibly be located: Irumu, Mombasa, Penge, Avakubi, Bafwasendi, and Bafwaboli. The area includes many tribes, some with sparse population, others with considerable numbers. The General Conference suggests that the Baptist Missionary Society of England undertake the task of extending its chain of stations from Yakusu to join with the Church Missionary Society in the East to fill the still existing gap. Mr. Roome outlines the following plan: The Church Missionary Society advance to Mombasa, and the Baptist Missionary Society occupy the line as far as Epulu River and establish bases at Maganga, Boyulu, and Penge.

The northern section comprises the Equatorial, Lac Leopold II, Sankuru, Aruimi, and Lulongo districts. Five Societies occupy this field covering the territory fairly adequately. These are the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, the Congo Balolo Mission, and the Swedish Baptist Mission. There are approximately three million people in the area. No new societies are needed for its occupation,

but additional forces should be added to the staff of each Society now at work.

The eastern section includes Kivu, Lowa, Manioma, and Tanganyika districts. It has a population of about three million almost wholly untouched by the gospel. The Baptist Missionary Society works across the river from Wayika, but is unable to cover the vast territory included in these districts. In this section should be included the territories of Urundi and Ruanda, formerly part of German East Africa but recently added to Belgian Congo under a mandate from the League of Nations. *La Société Belge de Missions Protestantes au Congo* has been asked by the Belgian Government to become trustees of the properties of the German Protestant Missions abandoned since 1916. Dr. Henry Anet, the General Secretary of the Society, which includes both branches of the Protestant Church in Belgium, has recently visited the field with a view to formulating plans for its reoccupation. Several missionaries of his Society are already at work, and others will join them shortly. Two of the Ruanda stations have been entrusted provisionally to the Seventh Day Adventist Mission.

The southern section consists of Kasai, Lomami, Lulua, and Haut Luapula districts. This area is occupied by the American Presbyterian Congo Mission which has a strong mission on the Kasai, the Congo Inland Mission, the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (North), the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (South), the Pentecostal Mission, and the Garanganze Evangelical Mission. The natural outreach of the missions already at work in this area will probably prove a sufficiently adequate provision for its evangelization.

III

PRIMITIVE PEOPLE AND THEIR POWERS

"As a farmer the Negro is more efficient than the Chinese and the Hindu. Negro dexterity in the practise of a new handcraft is remarkable. His precocity in book-learning is equally great. His animal spirits are irrepressible. Pagan Africa dances and sings when the sun goes down. As a free man he is capable of any amount of work. Love among Negro mothers is as patent as among white women. The Negro is a born diplomat, orator, and trader; and his inner life finds expression in a folk-lore not without poetry and power, and in a theological thought possessing lofty and noble ideas, however concealed and defiled by superstition and witchcraft."—*Frederick Perry Noble.*

PRIMITIVE PEOPLE AND THEIR POWERS

Opponents of missions sometimes paint a rosy picture of the happy state of the primitive savage untouched by the sophisticating influences of Christianity and civilization. It is argued that clothing is a superfluity, and that the native beliefs and customs are better (for him) than ours. It is undeniable that civilization has grafted much of alien evil upon the main trunk of native vice, but the holding of such a theory as the above indicates but little understanding of the actual conditions prevailing in wholly savage communities.

A mere list of the root evils intertwined with primitive African social organization is sufficient to shatter the false optimism of such a view and to challenge every follower of Jesus to the exercise of his utmost powers to give these lost and belated children of degeneracy the opportunity to find their way into the homeland of Christ's purity and grace. *There is polygamy,* a system based upon the degradation of woman and the apotheosis of lust. It carries in its train a group of associated vices: inflated male egoism, sloth and laziness, the destruction of any sound basis for family life, an unbalanced social organization, further degenerative processes in future generations. The chief buys wives according to his financial ability, and the importance of his position is gaged by the magnitude of his harem. The older and more powerful the

chief, the greater the resources at his command. He is able to buy the younger and more comely women, while the older and less desirable are left for the vigorous young men whose possessions are few. The effect this will have upon the children is readily seen. The system produces sterility or feeble and degenerate children. One of the gravest problems menacing the future of Congo is this very question of the diminution of the population. Mr. C. E. Wilson, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society of England, makes the following statement in "After Forty Years," the report of the B. M. S. Embassy to the Congo:

> We could not but remark the lamentably small population and the serious indications of decrease in the official reports. In a country of nearly 1,000,000 square miles, about ninety times the size of Belgium, the most recent enumeration (1917) of all the chefferies in all the twenty-two districts of Congo Belge, gives a total of less than 6,000,000 natives. If, as is claimed, a considerable allowance has to be made for the wild tribes in the bush that have not been enumerated and cannot be taxed, and an addition of a million be made to cover that unknown factor, the total only reaches 7,000,000, which is less than the population of Belgium itself before the war.[1]

It is not to be claimed that polygamy is the only cause of the decrease in population. There are other important elements, but there is no question but that polygamy is one of its causes. The recent report of the Government Commission for the Protection of the Natives drew attention to the vice of polygamy and recommended severe measures for its suppression.

[1] The estimate of population given by Mr. Wilson is based upon official government figures. Many authorities believe, however, that the untaxed peoples in the remoter sections are far more numerous than is here indicated. The estimate of twelve million given in the previous chapter is taken from the report presented by Rev. Thos. Moody at the General Conference at Bolenge.

A MASK
From the Upper Congo

The wholesome effect of Christianity in increasing the population is manifest everywhere. Mr. Wilson further adds, "Everything we saw and heard confirmed the impression that wherever missions are established and have won influence, the population increases." Rev. Paul M. Metzger cites the case of Tshumbiri on the main river. A decade or so ago hardly a child was to be seen, but at the present day, following a vigorous presentation of Christianity with its monogamistic standard, the little black babies are tumbling about in every direction.

Superstition is the underlying basis of the fetish system. It is the prevailing pestilence which walks in darkness, poisoning every spring of social life. It is the mother of the poison ordeal and the support of the witch-doctor. The terrible language of the first chapter of Romans is fulfilled well-nigh literally among them:

> They have exchanged the glory of the immortal God for the semblance of the likeness of mortal man, of birds, of quadrupeds, and of reptiles. So God has given them up to their heart's lust. . . Yes, as they disdain to acknowledge God any longer, God has given them up to a reprobate instinct for the perpetration of what is improper till they are filled with all manner of wickedness, depravity, lust, and viciousness.

At the very gateway of Congo Belge, as one steams up the river toward Matadi, is seen a frowning rock rising sheer from the river. It is known as Fetish Rock, and it was from the summit of this rock that those accused of witchcraft were thrown to test their guilt. Similarly there is a precipitous mountain near the railroad just beyond Palabala which served the same purpose. If the accused died it was a sufficient indication of guilt. If they were merely maimed it

was proof of innocence; wounds, bruises, and broken limbs were merely incidental and had no relation to the outcome.

The poison ordeal was an even commoner method of testing guilt. Illness or misfortune furnished the witch-doctor with an occasion for accusing one or more of the people of the village of witchcraft. Caprice alone or personal interest governed the accusation, and it may easily be understood what an admirable method was thus given the witch-doctor for disposing of his enemies. The *nkasa* or poison was administered. If the victim promptly vomited it he was presumed innocent. If he died of the poison guilt was established and justice vindicated at the same time.

The system gives rise to curious perversions of judgment as well as moral sense. A missionary once took advantage of the poison ordeal to ascertain the innocence or otherwise of certain Kroo boys whom he suspected of having stolen and eaten canned roast beef. The English is the peculiar West Coast product. "No, no, massa, we mission boy, we no tief." "Very well," said the missionary, "I shall give you medicine, and then I shall know." The boys were a little nonplussed, but evidently drew broad distinction between their own witch-doctors and the missionary. They argued thus: "The white man would not poison us, we need not be afraid." So they added aloud, "All right, white man, you see, we no tief." He gave each of them a good dose of wine of ipecac. The boys were, of course, all very sick, and taking this as proof of their innocence according to the common practise of the poison ordeal, they said to the missionary, "There, you see Kroo boys no tief—good honest mission boy." The white man, however, was able to point

to the *corpus delicti* of their offense, which somewhat upset their philosophy of the poison ordeal.

The fetish is a very powerful factor in the life of the African native. He will make a fetish of almost anything and attribute great powers to it. Coincidence has most to do with the acquisition of a reputation by any particular fetish. They sometimes lose their power and are discarded. Certain individuals manifest greater credulity than others in the power of the fetish. Some possess great numbers of them and have a place set aside in an inner room to contain them.

Occasionally a famous fetish will dominate a whole village for many years. It is astonishing the tenacity of the hold certain fetishes will have at times. The village of Ndunga is near Lukunga. This is one of the earliest sections in Congo to be evangelized. They have had the gospel for more than forty years. The chief of the village Manankuta possessed a very famous fetish named Ngundu. It came originally from Luweno and was reputed to be more than a hundred years old. The witch-doctor often carried on ceremonies in connection with it for two weeks at a time, and it was the source of much wealth to its owner.

Ndunga remained a little island of heathenism in the tide of advancing Christianity. Preachers were sent repeatedly, but the message was refused. The people would not permit any house in the village to be used for the meetings. A tent was put up in the village for the preacher, Moyenda, to live in. The villagers pulled it down at night, brought it to the station, and threw it down outside the mission house.

Within recent days two church-members from another field came to the village. The people tried to get them to drink palm-wine, to dance, and to take

plural wives. They refused, and their consistent testimony won others, until the Christian group had grown large enough to wield considerable influence. The villagers decided a few months ago to destroy the great fetish Ngundu, and Budimbu, one of the teachers at Lukunga, knowing of the writer's proposed visit, induced them to give it to him.

This fetish has a reputation for curing yaws. The witch-doctor throws a cloth over the image, places eggs and a calabash of palm-wine under the cloth, perhaps also a live chicken. Then he prays somewhat after this fashion: "You must make this sick person well, and when he has recovered we will pay you whatever you want. These things are merely a preliminary present." Afterwards he beats the drum and sings. Later the cloth is taken off, and the egg-shells are found to be empty and the chicken killed. Even so recently as last year the power of the witch-doctor seemed firmly fastened upon the people of this village. "Why does the white man need all these buildings?" they asked Budimbu. He replied: "One is a dwelling, one a school; then there is a church, a house for the boys, and a store-house." "No," they insisted, "he uses them in which to keep the souls of our people whom he eats."

The influence which a Christian teacher may wield is well shown in the following incident which occurred in a village in the neighborhood of Bolenge where the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission is working. A four-days-old child had died. The parents went to the witch-doctor, who accused a man who had gone into the house and sat near the child. He had some native medicine bound about his arm. The doctor claimed that this had caused the death of the child.

They went to the chief about it. "I cannot settle this for you," he said, "it is God's palaver, go to the Christian teacher." This they did. "Oh," said he, "we can easily settle the matter. I have a little four-days-old baby myself. Let the man go into my house and sit beside the little one, and if she dies he is guilty." The parents went away ashamed.

Slavery is one of the historic evils of Africa. We are accustomed to take it for granted that the institution of slavery was forced upon Africa by the white men who stole her sons and daughters to carry across the sea. The little island at the mouth of the Congo from which the first load of black slaves was taken for shipment to America is still pointed out, but the custom of slavery was native to the Congo tribes long before the coming of the white man, and while the overseas trading in "black ivory" has been suppressed, slavery still flourishes in many parts of Congo. Rev. A. R. Stonelake made the statement at the Luebo Conference that

> Two slaves were brought from French Congo to Lukolela and were sold in the interior, one for 7,100 brass rods and the other for 7,000 rods. One of these women became sick, but her former owners refused to pay back the money saying that they would exchange a healthy woman for her.

Rev. E. E. Crist said that "during a period of some months 100 slaves were taken from French Congo to Kabinda in Portuguese Congo." Rev. A. F. Hensey stated that "domestic slavery is interwoven with polygamy. Wives are seized as prizes of war, tributes to chiefs, or in payment of debts, but these wives are really slaves."

Even in the old days when the seizing of men and women for exportation was carried on openly, the

native had a large and willing part in it. The Portuguese did not enslave the people on the coast. They built their posts and slave-pens upon convenient creeks along the coast and used the natives in the neighborhood to procure the slaves. The coast natives made up slaving parties, proceeded to the interior, fell upon a sleeping village, stole the ivory, captured the able-bodied men and women, chained them together, and forced them to carry their own ivory to the coast, where both were sold.

One of the men in a church on the Bangu range of hills tells of going with his father, when a child, down into the Portuguese Congo to trade at Ambrise. Their party was always a strong one, fifty or more in number, chosen for their vigor and activity, so that the Portuguese and black slavers dared not attack them. But they were very careful to keep together, as the slavers were always ready to pounce upon stragglers.

Cannibalism was probably never practised by the tribes of the lower Congo, but further inland it was very common, and though strictly prohibited by the Government is still practised not infrequently in the remote districts. An old chief in the Kwangu district was accustomed until very recently to exact the tribute of one child a month for use at a cannibal feast. A worker upon the station at Vanga traveling alone between two villages at night was killed and eaten. The up-river people who are given to cannibalism, commonly have their incisor teeth ground to a sharp point. The callous view they take of the horrible practise of consuming human flesh is well illustrated by an incident related by Rev. Joseph Clark of Ntondo. He said to a certain chief one day, apropos of a particularly revolting piece of cannibalism:

BAYAKA DANCE OF THE NKANDA
Initiation Into Manhood

"When you die God will have something to say to you about this man you have eaten."

"Why should he?" was the reply.

"Because he was your brother, and you killed and ate him."

"What is that animal at your feet?" inquired the chief.

"It's a goat."

"Whose is it?"

"It is mine," answered Mr. Clark, curious as to where the conversation would lead.

"Will you kill and eat it by and by?"

"Certainly, if I wish to."

"Very well," said the chief. "The man was my slave; I bought him with my money. He belonged to me. I killed and ate him. Why should Nzambi have anything to say to me about him when I die?"

One of the greatest triumphs of the gospel is to see stalwart men who formerly were eaters of human flesh now giving their lives to the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ among their fellows, and this is no uncommon sight in certain interior sections. Dr. D. L. Mumpower, of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (South), tells of a chief in his neighborhood who boasts that he has tasted twenty-seven white men, but it is probable that his pride in the achievement leads to exaggeration. He adds that they have now baptized two of this man's wives.

It is a pleasure and relief to turn from the darker phases of native life to speak of some of their more desirable characteristics. The African not only has native vices, but native virtues, and if his capacities for spiritual development may be taken into account the latter outweigh the former. Doctor Mumpower

sums up the desirable traits of the native character as follows: sunny disposition, sense of humor, sympathy, respect, loyalty, faith, readiness to forgive.

Certainly their sunny disposition is constantly in evidence. They carry with them a decidedly cheerful atmosphere. They make admirable traveling companions and are always ready for a laugh or a joke. They will make an amusing incident out of a very little thing, and their laugh is so contagious that one must perforce laugh with them. Mafioti is a man about forty, but he has preserved the happiness of a child. He has big shining eyes, a belt of tangled whiskers running from ear to ear under his chin, joined above by a fuzzy little black moustache. He has a broad smiling mouth with a permanent lift to the outer corners of his lips. Doctor King had not only encouraged the natives in the use of soap but taught some of them to make it. Refining upon his methods he added some perfume to the batch on a certain occasion, and a piece of this scented soap fell into Mafioti's hands. He came to Doctor King anxious to buy more, and it was a joy to hear him tell of his experience with it. He said he had taken his clothes to a little limpid brook for washing. This wonderful new soap made beautiful translucent bubbles upon the water. It was of such a surpassing excellence that it had a strange and enchanting perfume, in so much that the little fishes swam up about the washing-place to smell it. Mafioti told the story with every appearance of enjoyment, making the hills ring with peal after peal of laughter.

The native sense of humor is well developed. They are quick to see the humorous side of any event. While upon the road they often carry on conversations about the white men who are with them. One of the

most interesting of their accomplishments is the improvisation of little songs which they sing together while paddling their canoes. It is customary for one to beat time, at the same time giving the theme of the song, usually in a tenor voice. The refrain follows immediately in deeper tones from the remainder of the crew. Perfect rhythm is preserved, and the songs are frequently of a humorous or whimsical cast. They do not hesitate to comment upon the personal characteristics of their white companions.

Here is one such song which was repeated over and over again as the canoe approached the village upon its return from a long journey:

> Oh mamma, mamma, lu la ley;
> Your husband's red beard, it burns all day.

The song quoted in Chapter I about the Governor and his little daughter continued until it had commented upon every member in the party. The Governor's traveling companion, M. Olyff of the Colonial Office, came in for mention thus:

> Bula Matadi's friend has very white hair—
> He's happy, he's happy.

One of the songs which is frequently sung on the upper river runs about as follows:

> The white man has fallen in the water—
> Too bad, too bad.
> The white man is drowned in the river—
> Too bad, too bad.
> Never mind, there are plenty more white men.

A more elaborate song may be rendered as follows, preserving the rhythm:

The white man's rooster he stood up straight,
No longer will he do that way.
The white man will eat him, he's gone to meet his fate,
The white man eats chicken every day.

As we carried the planks, we ate the corn
Of the woman who lives by the way.
She said, You are thieves, those planks must be mine
For the food you have stolen today.

Doctor Mumpower is unquestionably correct in placing sympathy, respect, and loyalty among the natural virtues of the Congo natives. It is not difficult to establish sympathetic relations with them. Kindness, consideration, and uniformly just dealing will weave firm bonds between the hearts of the American missionary and his African brother. Mr. W. J. W. Roome states that Matthew Wellington, one of the native lads who through untold hardships carried the body of Livingstone to the coast, is still living as a devoted Christian leader in Uganda. Similar instances of devotion are not wanting in the experience of every missionary. Mr. Murray, the Scotch engineer of the S. S. Anversville, has great confidence in the loyalty and faithfulness of the Congo boys. He has been employing them as firemen aboard various ships for more than fifteen years and states that they always respond to kindness and justice. He has forty-two of them on board the Anversville and said they compared with the white men as heaven and the reverse. During the war he used them exclusively as stokers. On one occasion when they were chased by a submarine, the crew off duty did not wait to be called, but presented themselves at the fire-room and lent enthusiastic support to the men on duty.

Their faith and fervor is demonstrated by the quick-

ness which they show, when once the gospel has gained access to their hearts, in comprehending Christian teaching and in their readiness to join in the task of passing it on to their fellows. Many of the Congolese have great gifts as preachers and are able to move their audiences in a remarkable manner. A striking method of discourse was formerly in use and is now to some extent, whereby the speaker frames his passages in such a way that the audience, which is on the alert and giving necessarily very close attention, is able to supply the last word of the phrase, which they do with great unction.

The native discourse, both in preaching and in the frequent palavers of which they are very fond, is enriched by the use of many proverbs. An able speaker brings in these ancient sayings with great skill, and unless his opponent is able to cap the proverb with one equally apt, it is likely to prove an end of all argument. Examples of native proverbs are here given, several of which are taken from Mr. Ruskin's book entitled "Mongo Proverbs and Fables":

The dog has four legs, but he cannot walk in two paths.
The cockroach is never justified at the bar of the rooster.
The man with a tongue can never be lost.
The man who has ears (i. e., listens to advice) abides.
Love on one side only is a failure.
Two gardens, no hunger.
Stop frowning, and let us be friends.
Hand-shaking does not reach above the shoulder.

The intellectual ability displayed in these proverbs and in a much more marked manner in the folk stories and fables which abound among them, is not mentioned in Doctor Mumpower's list of desirable characteristics, but is none the less of the very greatest

significance when the future of the race is under consideration.

In a paper read by Rev. R. D. Bedinger at the Bolenge Conference on "The Worth of the Native" the theory is advanced that the dawn of the sexual life marks the limit of the African's mental development. Mr. Bedinger is of the opinion that the precocity and exuberance of sexual development robs the native of the possibility of great mental attainment, the uncontrolled riot of sexual impulse producing atrophy or at least arrest of the higher functions of the brain. He supports this view by the statement that the greater achievements of the white races began with the conquest of the sexual instinct.

Another theory which has been advanced to account for the fact that the African native makes good mental progress until about the age of puberty and then apparently suffers an arrest in the mental life, is that the cranial sutures ossify at an early age and prevent further expansion of the cerebrum. It is fair to raise the question whether either of these explanations is valid, and indeed whether the facts alleged as requiring explanation are well-verified observations.

There can be no question of the evil which results to the native both physically, mentally, and spiritually from the lack of control of the sexual impulse. It may also be admitted that the African's skull is of the hardest, but may it not also be true that the poverty of his mental attainments is due in large measure to the meagerness of his educational opportunity?

The Government of Congo Belge has so far made no move in the direction of the establishment of a public-school system for the natives. The missionary societies are doing what their resources permit to make

up for the deficiency, but in the past the emphasis in missionary service has been rightly placed upon direct evangelization rather than education, and it is still true that there is no secondary school throughout all the vast colony. The General Conference in its meeting at Bolenge recognized this lack and made recommendations looking toward further cooperative development of the educational system. It may be confidently said that the time has now come for Congo missions to enter upon a new phase wherein the emphasis shall be placed upon the development of high-class native leadership through Christian education specially suited to the needs of the African.

It cannot be gainsaid that brains capable of producing such stories as are here recounted are worthy of full development. The following story was related to me by Mrs. Thomas Hill, for twenty-five years a missionary among the Bakongo and still in active service:

How the Animals Got Their Tails

Once upon a time all animals were tailless. The blacksmith sent out a proclamation that if they would come to him on a certain day he would make tails for them. At the appointed time the animals appeared and presented themselves one after another to the blacksmith. There were the elephant, the kangaroo, the monkey, the lion, the rhinoceros, the leopard, and all the beasts of the forest. The blacksmith was industrious; he set to work, made a tail for each animal, and they went away happy, swinging, twirling, and twitching their tails as they went.

Presently they met a toad upon the path and stopped to greet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Toad," said the leopard, "where are you going?"

"I am going to the blacksmith for my tail."

"Too late," replied the leopard, "yesterday was the day appointed by the blacksmith."

"Ah," said the toad, "but yesterday I was very busy and

could not go. I am sure he will make a tail for me today." And he hopped away down the path. Arriving at the blacksmith's house, he greeted the latter cordially:

"Good morning, Mr. Blacksmith."

"For what have you come today?" gruffly responded the blacksmith.

"Please, sir," the toad replied, "I have come for my tail."

"Too late!" said the blacksmith. "Yesterday was the day."

"I was busy yesterday," answered the toad, "and could not come. Surely you will not be so unkind as to send me away tailless."

But the blacksmith was unrelenting. He would not listen to Mr. Toad's pleadings. The latter went away weeping, and to this day all toads are tailless.

I am indebted to Mrs. Paul C. Metzger, of Tshumbiri, for the opportunity of hearing the story given below from the lips of an intelligent elderly Christian woman of Tshumbiri, Loyalobe. We were seated in the dusk of the evening about the wood cooking-fire. She related the story dramatically, suiting tone of voice and gesture to the action of the story. A group of girls was gathered about her, their eyes shining in the flickering firelight, alert to join in the swinging refrains which the story introduces or to make the rhythmical responses for which the narrator sometimes waited. A cool evening breeze stirred the leaves of the bushes, and the story was punctuated by the falling of the ripe mangoes from the tree behind us. Mr. and Mrs. Metzger interpreted by turns. I have endeavored to preserve the simplicity of the language and to reproduce in English the rhythm of the refrains.

The Story of Elolo

There was once a woman who had seven children. She planted an eggplant (*elolo*), which flourished and bore fruit. One day before she went to her work she called the children and said to

them: "I do not wish you to eat the eggplant. Manioc you may eat, and fish you may eat, but you must on no account eat the fruit of the eggplant."

When she had gone the youngest child looked upon the eggplant and straightway desired it. Plucking the ripest of the fruit she quickly ate it. The eldest child remonstrated with her. "Oh why did you take the *elolo* which Mother warned us not to eat?"

In the evening the Mother returned, and perceiving that the fruit was gone she said:

"I gave you fish and palm-nuts and manioc. Who has eaten the *elolo*?"

But they all denied, saying:

"Mother, I did not eat the *elolo*."

The mother went to the forest, cut a long trailing vine, and stretched it across the stream.

"Now," said she, "you must all cross the vine, and the one who has disobeyed me will be unable to do so."

The eldest stepped out on the vine, and as she did so she began to sing:

"Mamma, mamma, mamma, I did not eat;
I'm crossing now your line,
I did not eat, though the fruit looked sweet,
And I'm safely over the vine."

As she concluded the verse she sprang safely to the other side of the stream. [All the girls gathered about Loyalobe join in the rhythmic chant, and the very tone of the voice expresses their breathless interest in the child as she undergoes the test.]

The second child ventures across and the song is repeated until she reaches safety. So with the third, fourth, and fifth. The sixth steps out upon the rope of creeper, and again the refrain follows every movement:

"Mamma, mamma, mamma, I did not eat;
I'm crossing now your line.
I did not eat, though the fruit looked sweet,
And I'm safely over the vine."

At last it is the turn of the seventh and youngest child. Falteringly she steps out upon the vine and begins to sing,

"Mamma, mamma, mamma, I did not eat"—

But in the middle of the stream the vine begins to sink with her. She touches the water, and her ankles are immersed, but she sings the refrain stedfastly to the end. She sinks until her knees are covered, but again she repeats the verse. Now it is her thighs, then her chest, then her neck, and as each part of the body is named the chorus renders the entire refrain. Now she is immersed up to her chin. She stretches her arms up to her mother, throws back her head, and sings again. Then she sinks completely under the water.

In the water she turns into a fish, the *lalembe*. There is a fishing-camp not far away, where there is a man who has no wife, fishing. He catches the fish in his net, and as he is taking it out, it grunts and says,

"I was one of your people."

He puts it in the canoe and takes his knife to kill it. But the fish takes up a rhythmic song:

"Do not kill me, I am just like you,
Konga, konga, konga."

[All the girls about Loyalobe respond, *Konga, konga, konga.*]

Nevertheless he kills the fish and starts down the river in his canoe. Whenever he touches this strange fish it says,

"Do not touch me, I am just like you,
Konga, konga, konga."

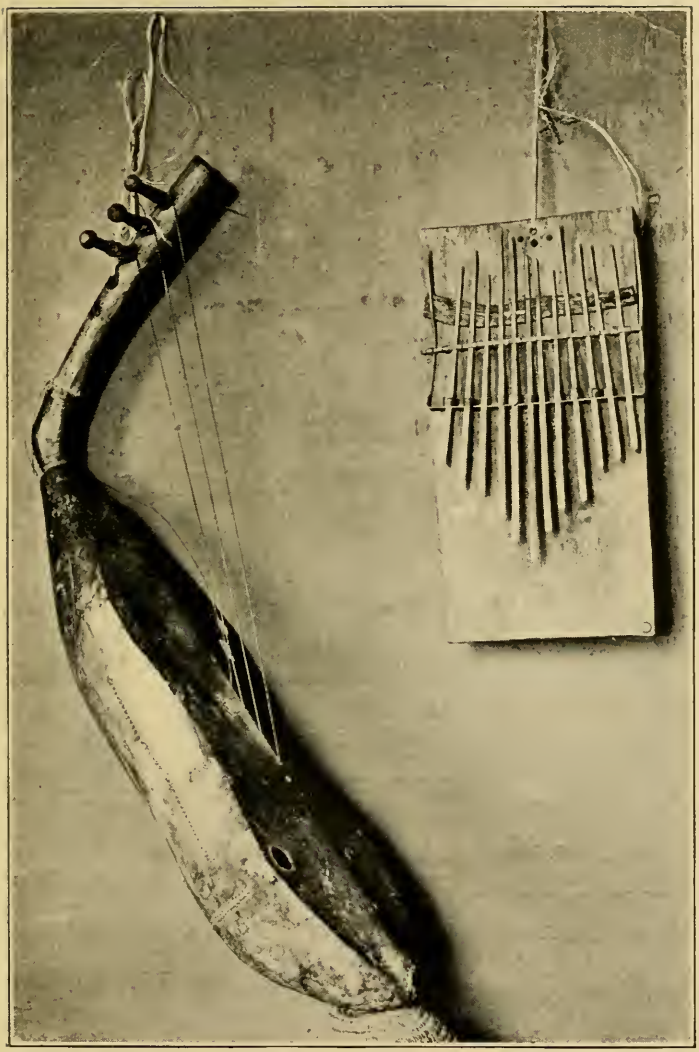
Landing lower down the river, he starts to cut up the fish he has caught. When he comes to the *lalembe* it varies the old refrain by saying:

"Do not cut me, I am just like you,
Konga, konga, konga."

He cuts it in two, however, and after cooking some of the other fish and eating, he goes to clean and care for his canoe.

While he was gone the fish began a magic formula,

"Put me together again,
Put me together again,
My hands, my feet, my eyes."



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

[The narrator goes through the various parts of the body, e. g., "my hands," and the group makes instant response, "together." The leader continues, "my feet," and again the reply comes, "together"; "my shoulders," "together."]

Very soon the young girl finds herself complete again, and this time not as a fish, but in her proper person. Then she begins to knead bread, saying,

"If I make good bread, and prepare savory food, I may get a good husband."

After she has prepared a fine meal she waits and waits, but no husband appears. Becoming discouraged she reverses the incantation, singing:

"Change me, change me,
Take away, take away,
My arms, my legs;
Make me a fish again,
Change me, change me."

When the fisherman returns he sees the good meal prepared, looks around, and says,

"Where did all this good food come from?"

Then he proceeds to eat to repletion. Returning to camp he says to himself: "I never saw such wonderful things. What shall I do with the remarkable fish?"

While at camp a palm-tree cutter said to him: "When I was up a palm tree I saw your fish turn into a woman and back again. You had better hide that fish away, or you will see trouble."

"Very well," said the fisherman, "I will hide and see this wonderful thing for myself." So he watched from behind a palm tree.

Again the fish went through the mystic process:

"Put me together again,
Put me together again,
My hands, my feet, my head."

Again she becomes a maiden, and while she kneads bread he steals softly upon her and catches her in his arms.

"Don't touch me," she says.

"I've got you, I've got you," he replies.

Thus the fisherman won his bride.

Five children were born to them subsequently. One day when the father was going fishing one of the children begged to accompany him. They caught a large fish, and the child asked the privilege of killing it.

"No," replied the father, "you are not strong enough." However the child snatched the knife and struck at the fish. He was too weak to kill it, and it escaped. The father was very angry and said, "You get away from here, your mother was a fish." This caused the child to cry bitterly, and he sang over and over again as he cried:

"My mother was a fish, and I didn't know,
My father is a fisherman and told me so."

When they returned the child ran weeping to his mother and sang the same song, which made the mother very sorrowful. She said nothing about it to the father, but made up her mind to run away while he was fishing.

The next day she took the other canoe and the five children, gathered together all her husband's money and valuables, and left.

The husband returned and pursued them in his canoe. The wife paddling ahead turned around and saw him. She immediately used an incantation, calling upon the darkness to surround him while the light remained with her. He still advanced, and she sent the bees to molest and sting him. In spite of all he continued to paddle, and she sent stinging gnats to tickle his eyes and nose. Finally she dipped her hand in the water and stirred up a terrible wind against him, and he was lost.

Weary with long paddling, she reached the place where her relatives lived. She went ashore and sank exhausted upon the beach. By and by a man from the village saw her and recognized her as the long lost girl. He rushed back to the village and told them about it, upon which they all came to welcome her.

Ewe tio, ewe sawe—You've heard it all, the story is ended.

IV

THE POTENCY OF REDEEMED LIVES

"In the Congo region the line between heathen and Christian is very marked. In fact, they are called, in the native language, the children of God and the children of the devil. The heathen call themselves the children of the devil. Some of our Christians have suffered martyrdom—some have been poisoned, others have been shot—but they are willing to suffer persecution for Christ."

—*Henry Richards.*

THE POTENCY OF REDEEMED LIVES

Redeemed, the African native's best characteristics come to the fore, and he becomes a Christian brother of earnestness, sincerity, devotion, and ability. The immediate effect of the gospel upon the African is to act as an inhibitory power upon all the undesirable habits woven into his character by ages of ignorance, vice, and superstition. Every impulse to good is promptly reenforced, and new accretions of power come to him day by day in the overcoming of evil.

What the African's ultimate possibilities may be, who can say? But the great achievements of outstanding American Negroes may be recalled, and it should not be forgotten that they are of the very same stock. It was from Congo that the Southern States were peopled with blacks. In certain sections of Cuba and Jamaica it is said that words of the Congo languages still persist. If American Negroes are capable of greatness and goodness, as much may be expected from Congo Negroes. The rudimentary powers are there, and favorable environment and proper cultivation will strengthen these powers until they become the dominant factors in the life.

The Congo native has a bitter battle to fight; the struggle upward is against well-nigh overwhelming odds. Few peoples confront such formidable foes. There is the accumulated downward pull of inherited evil; there are social customs of revolting nature entrenched through the sanction of years; there is the physical detriment

of a tropical climate; there is the evil example of white leaders. No wonder that the way is strewn with heart-break for the missionary who has taken the black man's hand to help him struggle upward, and who sometimes sees the patient progress of years swept away in a day.

Great and encouraging progress has been made during the four decades which have elapsed since the opening of Congo to the gospel. Perhaps this progress can be best marked by consideration of the lower Congo field, inasmuch as it is here that the work has been carried on longest and the field most thoroughly manned. Two Societies have been at work in this section of Congo for more than forty years, the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society whose work started in 1878 as the Livingstone Inland Mission, and the Baptist Missionary Society of England. By these two Societies, with the subsequent help of the Swedish Missionary Society and the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the lower Congo has been quite thoroughly evangelized.

What of the results? To a stranger observing for the first time the effects of the gospel seed-sowing throughout this territory the results are little short of marvelous. I think it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that there are certain sections of lower Congo where the people are more familiar with the Bible and Christian truth than in the average New England village.

The missionaries have given to the people first of all *a God.* True, they knew of a god behind nature's phenomena, but any real knowledge of him was obscured and confused by the superstitions of animism and the vile practises of the witch-doctor. The name

only of *Nzambi* was known to them. The missionary has put a content into it for them until God has become a loving Father and an ever-present Saviour.

Secondly, the missionary has given them a *Bible,* and this means much more than might at first be supposed, for not only could none of them read, but their languages had not been reduced to writing. The Bible has been translated, and a beginning has been made, a very modest one to be sure, in the provision of a native literature. It was one thing to translate the Bible, however, and another to get it into their hearts and lives, but this also seems to have been done, and it is an inspiration to hear their familiar use of the word in preaching and teaching. One of the teachers stated that fifty per cent. of the people in some of his villages could read. This is probably an overestimate, but none the less it may be stated with assurance that there are those in each village who can and do read the word of God to their fellows.

Thirdly, the missionary has given the people *a religious terminology.* When dealing with the bigger and better things of life primitive peoples are naturally inarticulate, but the coming of Christianity has interpreted these people to themselves. They know what love, peace, joy, justice, truth, goodness, and purity are. They know what it means to walk in the light and have fellowship with Christ. They understand the significance of striving against evil and seeking the best things. Their lives are infinitely enriched by the full content of the Christian faith. Perhaps the phraseology of the Christian hymns has done as much as anything else to give them a Christian speech. They are very fond of these hymns, and one hears them singing and whistling them constantly.

Fourthly, the missionary has given them a new *moral standard.* It must be remembered that their lives were not without ethical content prior to the coming of the gospel. They had certain moral judgments of their own, especially those dealing with the obligation of loyalty to the tribe. Many of their rules regarding penalties for theft, conduct in relation to wife and family, and other ordinary moral sanctions still persist. But it has been necessary for Christianity to revolutionize the whole system. Certain customs and practises had to be absolutely eradicated, such as the poison ordeal and fetish-worship, others had to be modified, and many new moral ideas had to be imported. It may be said that the missionaries have succeeded at least in establishing ordinary Christian morality as the norm, however far the community as a whole may still be from the fulfilment of it.

Fifthly, the missionary has brought them *a more ordered life.* The teacher and preacher have been established in many sections as a settled institution. The frequent tribal wars of others days have almost disappeared. Much has been taught the people about the establishment of villages and the amicable settlement of disputes.

Sixthly, the missionary has brought about the *suppression of polygamy,* at least within the native church. It is not a difficult matter for wealthy church-members to relapse in this respect, but at least the principle of monogamy is established, and any violation of it is met at once with severe discipline. Moreover, the practise of the Christian church has largely modified public opinion, and polygamy is not so common as formerly even outside the church. A constant battle must be waged to keep the gains made.

TWO CHIEFS WITH THEIR COUNSELORS
In Banza Manteke District

Seventhly, in addition to the suppression of polygamy *womanhood has been liberated* and dignified in other respects. There is still a good deal to be desired in this respect. The Congolese is a preeminent exponent of the primacy of the male, and old customs die hard, but woman is gradually coming into her own. Many missionaries have endeavored to induce the Christian couple to take their meals together after the fashion of a Christian home. This practise has not yet been widely adopted but a beginning has been made.

Eighthly, the missionary has struck *a fatal blow at witchcraft* and the *witch-doctor.* The latter's failures and the many times he has been made the laughing-stock of the people by the superiority of the missionaries' methods over his own have greatly undermined his influence. Fetishism, or at least the animistic basis of popular philosophy, is so interwoven into the very fiber of the daily life of every Congo native that it would be foolish to say that it has anywhere been overcome. The remnants of superstition persisting in the oldest and highest civilizations indicate the stubborn resistance which such ancient credulities present to advancing light. But the great dominant principles of Christ's philosophy of truth and light have been firmly implanted, and the power of fetishism as a system is certainly broken.

Ninthly, cleanliness is another gift of the missionary to the Congo. The use of soap accompanies the teaching of the Scripture, and many of the missionaries have not only mastered the art of soap-making themselves but have taught it to the natives.

Tenthly, total abstinence is practically a universal requirement for church-membership, and infractions are met with prompt discipline. It has spared the infant church

much evil and has redeemed many lives which would have been cast away.

Eleventhly, the medical missionary especially, but also the whole body of missionaries, has made a great contribution to native betterment by teaching the African *simple rules of hygiene and physiology.* The physician has also done much to limit the spread of epidemic and endemic disease and given skilful medical and surgical aid to countless thousands of cases. The Christian native is a stronger and better physical being because of the coming of the missionary. Communities where child life was almost non-existent have been redeemed and rejuvenated.

Twelfthly, the native home has been lifted to a higher level. Rev. Seymour E. Moon expresses this idea by saying that Christianity has taken the native from the floor and seated him upon a chair. Christianity spells ambition. The converted African wants what he sees, and the spectacle of the missionary home is a constant stimulus to him to strive after better things. The neighborhood of every mission station is marked by better houses, more numerous possessions, more civilized practises, and a larger variety of clothing.

It should be emphasized that what has been said regarding the results of missionary service is especially applicable to lower Congo, where work has been carried on for a longer period than in other sections. This district has been chosen as illustrating what may be hoped for in other sections. But lower Congo is a very small portion of the great Congo area, and much remains to be done before the battle is won throughout the length and breadth of the Colony. The work is in different stages of development in different areas. In some it is as well advanced as in lower Congo, in

others work is just being inaugurated under the most primitive of conditions. Everywhere the battle is waging, and everywhere victories are being won.

Perhaps the story of the individual Christian won to Christ from raw heathenism and devoting himself to the service of God best illuminates the question of missionary results. It was my privilege to meet and talk with scores of these chosen men and women. Their stories are always interesting and sometimes thrilling. It should be borne in mind that the stories here given can be paralleled over and over again from the experience of every missionary.

Joshua Wamba was a little slave boy. His master was carrying him to the coast to sell to the Portuguese when Mr. Richards fell in with him. Mr. Richards bought him for a very low price and kept him upon the mission station at Banza Manteke. Here he very soon learned of Christ and was deeply impressed with the story of redemption which was illustrated so graphically in his own experience. He became in time a teacher and then a preacher of no little power. His favorite theme is the "freedom wherewith Christ has made you free." When I met Joshua he had just returned from the first visit he had ever paid to his old home since the time when he was carried away so many years before to be sold to strangers. He said the same chief was still living, and observing that Wamba had developed into a person of some importance he undertook to claim him as his boy.

"No," replied Joshua, "I am no kin of yours. You sold me and got the money. But God meant it for good to me, for my heart has been enlightened."

The old chief called his attention to the fact that his village now had a Christian teacher.

"Yes," said Wamba, "you have a teacher in your village, and a church, but I can see that your heart is still dark. I am glad you sold me to slavery, for if you had not my heart might have been like yours."

Joshua tells of his early impressions when he was brought to the mission. He burst out into a fit of weeping, for he had been told that the white man would eat him, and sure enough the very first thing he noticed upon the mission compound was a great iron pot used for soap-making, and he naturally took it for granted that he was shortly to make its intimate acquaintance.

Loyalobe is the woman who told me the story of *Elolo*. She was born and brought up in the neighborhood of Tshumbiri and was a little girl when the missionaries first came. As a girl she was very neat and attractive. She always wore a modest dress with a fringe upon it and took great pains with her clothing. She was the daughter of a Babenge man and a Bateke woman. When asked whether she would marry into the Babenge or the Bateke tribe she replied the former because divorce is common among these people and she could have plenty of husbands.

She had heard the gospel many times, but though the mission had been established for years there were no converts. Finally a few inquirers began to come to Mr. Billington's house at night like Nicodemus of old. They were ridiculed and persecuted if they came in the daytime. Mr. Billington met Loyalobe in the path one day.

"You have heard the gospel for a long time," he said to her, "I want you to join the group of inquirers."

It took a great deal of courage for her to respond affirmatively, but she had already been deeply im-

pressed by the strange new story and responded, "I will." She not only kept her promise but brought her particular friend, Byengo, to the meetings. It meant the facing of very severe persecution and possible death, but both Loyalobe and Byengo were among the first group to be baptized. The latter soon became her husband, and together they were the first to serve as native teachers. They started work at Mbomo among the Batekes. It had been impossible to get any footing in this village previously.

It was a wrench for Loyalobe to give up her belief in witchcraft and fetishes. She was naturally of a very superstitious nature and was a strong supporter of the witch-doctor. But with her conversion she threw the whole strength of her vigorous nature into the work of the kingdom. When her husband died she became the matron of the girls' school at Tshumbiri and is exercising a strong helpful influence over the many young girls who come under her care. She is no longer young, at least from an African standpoint, but she has refused many offers of marriage and still refuses them.

Mother Maria now carries on a similar work at Vanga Station to that which Loyalobe is doing at Tshumbiri. Some of the teachers who go out from Vanga into the surrounding villages to teach school and tell the gospel story are little more than young boys. Mother Maria's conversion is due to these lads. They came to her village with the good news, which immediately attracted her attention, and in response to their invitation she visited the station at Vanga. Here she insisted on attending school for a short time although she was too old to learn very much. She wanted to get the gospel story, and this at least she

was able to take in. In October, 1920, she asked to have her name enrolled as a follower of Jesus, and Mrs. Nugent, after talking at length with her, realized that she had acquired a very true faith in the Master. She always came to the communion services even though she was not a member and could not take part. Moreover, she always brought a gift, and frequently induced friends and relatives to accompany her.

Persecution began in her village. She was related to the chief, and when he was unable to induce her to give up her new faith he beat both Maria and her daughter severely. They came to the station, showing the terrible weals and gashes upon their bodies.

She had now been baptized and had thrown away her fetishes. Her companions in the village were horrified when she took the step, and prophesied that dire calamities would befall her. She took the opportunity of preaching to them for hours, explaining why she had lost all fear of the fetishes.

The daughter was taken very ill with influenza, and against the protest of the chief her mother brought her to the station for treatment. A little later she died, still clinging to her faith in Christ. This was a sore trial to the faith of the mother, for the villagers did not fail to point out that their prophecies of evil had been fulfilled. Their antagonism was greatly increased by the death of the daughter, and the persecution became so bitter that Maria had to flee for her life. She came to the station by night, bringing her own little three-year-old girl and a niece. She lives in the girls' house, and they call her Mother Maria. She has a sweet earnest Christian face. Only a few months out of the grossest heathenism, and yet she is blessing and helping the Christian life of every girl in the school.

One of the most serious obstacles in the way of many a man who desires to follow Christ is the possession of plural wives. *Mongongo* was one who suffered in this way. He is a vigorous, stalwart sawyer, and earns his living by felling trees in the forest and whipping them into planks. For four years he had been under the influence of the gospel. He early desired to follow Christ but was hampered by the possession of four living wives. He attended services regularly and frequently made request for church-membership. He was always told, however, that the way of life did not include plural wives.

Finally he appealed to Mr. Nugent, the missionary. "*Tata,*" said he, "I will bring my fetishes and will leave my wives. I will support them until they get other husbands, but I will give them no money for fetish-worship. Any one of them who wants to give up her fetishes and walk with me in the way of life, I will keep."

He waited at the mission for ten days, when three of his wives came to talk. One had already deserted him. The three were unwilling to break loose from their old ways and had formed a compact to force him to come back.

"All right," he said, "I have nothing to say to you." And he left them.

After two days one dropped out and went to another husband. The remaining two came to Mr. Nugent and said:

"We want to walk with our husband. We will remain here on the station."

"No," replied he, "if you follow Jesus you must leave your fetishes and follow him in your own village." They asked him to decide which should con-

tinue with the husband. "No," said he, "that is for you to decide."

Next day the elder woman came bringing her fetishes and threw in her lot with Christ and her husband. Mr. Nugent asked her: "What will you do back in your own village without fetishes? Will they not persecute you?"

"The Lord will protect me," she replied.

The story of *Mpambu* was told me partly by Mrs. Thomas Hill, who was largely instrumental in his early training, and partly by Dr. W. H. Leslie under whose direction he is now working.

Mpambu was born on the north bank of the Congo about 1881. His own father was dead, and he lived with his stepfather. The latter was pressed for money, and having no goats or pigs to dispose of he decided to sell his stepson.

"Come," said he, "I want you to go with me to the market."

The lad, having no suspicion, and looking forward to the pleasurable excitement, was glad to go. It was not long, however, before he noticed his master talking with others and nodding toward him. He became very much afraid and would have run away, but he knew not where to go and the sale was completed at once. He was taken by his new master to Kingoyo before the arrival of the missionaries, and here he grew to young manhood. He was fairly well treated, but after a time his master, desiring larger profit from his service, sent him to work upon the railroad near Tumba. Here he heard a Congo evangelist speaking to the men about Christ, and he learned that the *Capita* of his gang was a Christian. At first he would have nothing to do with the teaching, but one day a railway

BOYS MILKING
Tshumbiri

GIRLS CARRYING WOOD
Tshumbiri

official called the *Capita* and told him to write down the names of the men in his gang. This greatly astonished Mpambu, and he argued thus:

"It must be because he is a Christian. If Christianity has taught him to write, I will be a Christian too."

He began attending the meetings held by the evangelist and soon learned that there was much more to the foreign teaching than he had supposed. It ended by his becoming a sincere follower of Christ. After a time he returned to his own village, and here he was not slow in talking about his new-found faith. He urged the people to send for the missionary. They refused to listen to him and drove him out of the village. Later he returned again and renewed his efforts to evangelize the village. About this time the state officials visited Kingoyo to secure men to go as soldiers up the river. The villagers said to themselves, "Here is our opportunity to get rid of Mpambu." He overheard them talking the matter over and hid in the bush. His wife brought food to him each day. Venturing into the market one day he was seized by a soldier who was recruiting for the army. Leaving his outer garment in the soldier's hands, he dashed away and escaped into the bush again until the danger of arrest had passed.

Some time later Mr. and Mrs. Hill visited Kingoyo. Mpambu's influence was immediately exerted in their favor. He undertook work for Mr. Hill as a carrier, and while in this service asked to be taught reading and writing. While the other carriers were sleeping he would sit poring over his books and copy-book. Later he was baptized, and after a year and a half spent in the station schools he began to preach. His

first efforts in this direction were at Kingoyo, where he soon organized a church of forty or fifty. But he was not satisfied with so limited a field. Said he, "I want to go back to preach the gospel to those who sold me into slavery." He returned at once to his birthplace, where he was favorably received and succeeded in establishing a church.

Mpambu's restless spirit was continually reaching out, and he became practically the first foreign missionary from lower Congo. True he did not leave the Congo territory, but he went a long journey from his own home. In the minds of the natives the taking of such a journey would be quite comparable with the venture of faith made by the American missionary who goes to Africa. He carried his family with him and established himself among a people speaking another tongue. To this day Samuel Mpambu is holding the outstation of Moanza in the Kwangu district alone so far as any foreign support is concerned. He is eight days' overland journey from Vanga, the parent station, and the missionary is able to visit Moanza not more than once a year.

Mpambu has reproduced at Moanza all that he saw on the Lukunga station. He has established regular preaching services, a native church, and a school. What is perhaps the greatest evidence of real ability is that he has also organized work consisting of preaching services and schools at twenty-two villages in the territory surrounding Moanza.

There has recently arisen bitter opposition to his work on the part of the Jesuit priests. On one occasion they visited his school and took away half his boys. They have not hesitated to use personal violence, and recently several young men made their

appearance at Vanga with the marks of heavy blows still showing upon their body.

The story of Mpambu's first journey to Moanza is full of dramatic incident. He sought to follow Mr. Moody into the new district and took the trail for Moanza. It lay through territory belonging to a cannibal tribe. Six carriers laden with bags of salt accompanied him as far as the edge of the cannibal territory but, fearing to go farther, they dropped the bags of salt and left Mpambu alone with them. This was toward evening. The natives of the district discovered him and immediately made preparations for a cannibal feast. All night long he sat on a bag of salt and prayed. In the morning he began to read "Pilgrim's Progress." The chief appeared suddenly before him, evidently in the same mind about eating him. Looking up from the book, he said,

"If you kill me, my God will punish you."

The chief supposed the book to be a powerful fetish and became frightened. He called his men and told them to get Mpambu out of the village. They carried his salt and helped him forward to a Dutch trader, who assisted him as far as Moanza where he found Mr. Moody. The latter put up a little house for him and left him there. He commenced evangelistic work at once and gradually secured such a hold on the community as to be able to start a boarding-school with forty-two boys. He planted peanuts and sold pigs and goats to pay the expenses of the work.

Such stories as that just given are perhaps the best argument to prove the inherent capacity of the African native for leadership. A similar story comes from the other extremity of the Colony and is related by Mr. W. J. W. Roome.

Apollo Kivebulaya was converted at Kabarale in Uganda. Conceiving a desire to carry the gospel to his own people in Congo Belge, he crossed the line to the village of Mboga, twenty-five miles from Uganda.

Here he has heroically carried on the work for a quarter of a century. For many years he and those whom he won faced bitter persecution; at one time no less than a third of the total membership of 300 being massacred, he himself beaten unmercifully and thrown into the bush for dead, rescued by a friendly woman and shielded by her for two months until he recovered health and strength. He was granted a twelve-months' furlough by the mission and returned to Uganda. Soon after, a call for help came from the persecuted members of his congregation, and he returned immediately before going for his much-needed rest. From those days on the work has progressed until now he has established a number of outstations stretching farther north and south.

Grave doubt has been expressed as to whether the Congo native presents those elements of initiative and constructive power which will enable him ultimately to assume the responsibility for leadership among his own people. The cases here given should be sufficient to indicate that individuals are not wanting who possess such qualities.

The "Prophet Movement," which originated less than a year ago in lower Congo, possesses distinct features of a new race consciousness. Whatever its undesirable features, it has at least this grain of comfort, that it encourages one to believe that there is larger capacity for leadership in the Congo native than has been supposed.

The movement was initiated in May, 1921, and at the time of the writer's arrival in Congo (August) was in full swing. My itinerary happened to take me through the midst of the section most affected, and by

the kindness of the missionaries I had the opportunity to make close personal observations and to secure full information regarding it.

The whole movement seems to have originated in the visionary mind of Simon Kibangu, one of the members of the congregation at Wathen, a station of the English Baptist Mission. Budimbu, a native eye-witness of the early manifestations and a friend of the prophet, told me the latter's story which he had from his own lips. It ran thus:

A friend had died in another village. According to custom I [Kibangu] went there to carry cloth to help him to celebrate. The people were dancing when we arrived, and I fell in a fit and was unconscious. My father and mother took me home. On the way we met a man who was neither black nor white, nor was he a mulatto. He was very finely dressed.

"Where are you taking the young man?" he said.

"We are taking him home; he is ill," my father replied.

"No," said the man, "he is not ill. He will be all right soon."

We continued on our way and camped for the night. During the night I wanted a drink and said, "Mother, I go to get water." I went to the stream but fell into a deep hole. Mother and father called:

"Son, why are you so long getting water?"

They came to look for me, and soon I found that mother had fallen into the hole beside me. But suddenly we were lifted out of the pit without any effort on our part.

After we arrived home I fell sick with *makwanza* and had many sores all over my body. There came to the house a man who had nothing on but a meager rag, and he also was full of sores. He asked for water. My mother was a good Christian woman. She took our cup and gave the man a drink. He turned to go, and I said to mother:

"Why did you give him to drink from our cup? He is full of sores."

The stranger overheard me and came back.

"Why do you speak thus?" he said. "You also are full of sores. If you will rub yourself with palm-oil you will be cured."

That night the stranger came again in a dream. He brought a Bible and said:

"This is a good book, you must read it and preach."

"Nay," said I, "I am no preacher or teacher. I cannot do it."

"Then take the book to your mother and tell her that she must preach."

"Why do you not speak to her yourself?" said I.

Then the stranger told me of a sick child in a neighboring village, saying that I must go and pray for her healing. But I refused, telling him that they would not believe my words and might persecute and kill me.

Later he came to my mother in a dream telling her that I must preach and heal, but I would not. Finally he came to me again and said:

"There is a sick child in another village; you must go there, pray, lay your hands on the child, and heal it. If you do not go I shall require your soul of you."

So the next day I went and found the sick child as he had said. The people were gathered around weeping and wailing. I pushed them aside and prayed a long time for the child. Then I laid my hands upon it, and immediately I shook with great violence. But the child was healed and nestled upon its mother's bosom and commenced to suck. Then they brought to me other sick people. I prayed and touched them, and they were healed.

Kibangu established himself in his own village of Nkamba. The fame of his exploits soon spread far and wide, and the people began to come from every direction, either to secure healing for themselves or to bring their friends and relatives who were in need of aid. Dr. Judson C. King, of Banza Manteke, says that he personally saw scores of men and women on the trail. Patients were carried in hammocks and otherwise from all points to the railroad in order to get them to the prophet. Some died on the road both going and returning. The medical work at the mission stations was brought to a standstill. Doctor King's hospital had formerly been so overtaxed that

more than double the number of its ordinary capacity would be crowded into it and others slept in sheds. All these patients disappeared.

Budimbu who related to me the prophet's story said that he had taken with him upon his visit to the prophet an old blind man named Talongo. Kibangu undertook to heal him after the manner of Jesus. He spat and made clay and told him to go to the river and wash. This he did, and they asked him whether he could see. He replied, "I can see very, very dimly." But Budimbu adds: "He had been able to see thus before." No increase of vision came to him later. Budimbu also took the son of the medal chief, Manda, to the prophet, carrying him all the way, thirty miles, for he was far gone in sleeping sickness. The prophet prayed and commanded him to be well in the name of Jesus, but after they had carried him home again he died. Four dead bodies were taken to the prophet from around Lukunga, but he could not raise them, and they were buried at Nkamba.

The movement grew rapidly in popularity although the healing feature of it seems to have been very dubious. The people came in such large numbers that the prophet was kept at work from early morning until late at night, having hardly time to eat and sleep. Before long others associated themselves with him, both men and women, as helpers; and later, prophets of the movement commenced to appear at other points, or set up for themselves in other villages after having secured Kibangu's blessing. These minor prophets and prophetesses were not for the most part those who had been actively associated with the church. In many cases they were heathen of very bad character, or those who had formerly been church-members but

were no longer in fellowship with the church on account of gross sin.

It became manifest before long that there were considerable admixtures of old superstitions in the movement. A prophet set up in the neighborhood of Banza Manteke, and the missionary at that point, Rev. J. E. Geil, sent word asking him to come and talk the matter over with him. After a few days he came and stood outside Mr. Geil's house, evidently under great excitement, accompanied by a number of bad characters, some of whom were intoxicated. He foamed at the mouth and shook violently, but said nothing for a time. Then he suddenly broke out:

"You sent for me. What do you want?"

Mr. Geil said, "I should like to talk with you about the work you are doing."

"It is the work of God. Don't you believe it is God's work?"

This he ejaculated in a very truculent manner. Mr. Geil replied:

"I do not want to quarrel with you. I should like to talk it over quietly."

It was Sunday morning, and they had been just upon the point of proceeding to the pool at the foot of the hill for a baptismal service. The prophet seemed anxious to assume charge of the assembled crowd, and Mr. Geil feared a disturbance. Placing his hand upon the prophet's arm he warned him not to cause any trouble. Meanwhile the prophet was working himself into a frenzy, shaking, leaping, and rolling his eyes. Mr. Geil led the way to the baptism, but the prophet and his followers came also, shouting and making a noise.

The shaking here mentioned is quite characteristic

of the movement. A prophet is not supposed to have "the power" unless he begins to shake uncontrollably, and the harder the shaking the more the power.

The whole movement was of course intensely interesting to the leaders in the native church, deacons, pastors, and others. A large number of the more superficial characters were led away by it, but others seemed to discern its true nature from the beginning. A group of native leaders from Banza Manteke made a personal investigation of the whole matter. Their report written by Davidi Mbadi is of great interest. It was printed in the native paper and is in part as follows:

"Try the Spirits Whether They be of God"

On June 2d, I, Timoteo Vingadio, Isake Muendo, and Samuel Katu, went to the prophet at Wando. On the way we met a crazy man who was bound and was being led by a cord, also a blind man. These two came from the prophet, but they were not healed. We arrived at Wando June 6th. In the afternoon we watched the work of the prophet but did not entirely understand it. June 7th we looked again and saw that he was unable to heal the child of Timoteo who had sleeping sickness, Isake Dibila who is lame, a woman who has crippled feet, nor a blind chief, Makuka of Kinkanza. We saw also that he could not raise a dead child.

Then he said, "Look, the sun and moon are fighting." When we looked we did not see it. Then he urged men and women to do evil deeds. When they did not agree he punished them by making them sit in the sun. He urged them to agree to what he was telling them and testify to its truth. This business resembles the witchcraft adhered to by our fathers: the old idea that the witch-doctor ate a person, and that they must testify that he did so.

We saw that he was shaking greatly and throwing his head from side to side, rolling his eyes, and jumping in the air. This is also like when our fathers acknowledged the healing of the witch-doctors. The person in the center of the witch-circle

having grass gloves on his hands did just as we now see this man do.

He said the hymns of God must be sung enthusiastically; then he would have the power to heal. Was the Lord Jesus given power by man? And did he heal the sick by hymns? No indeed.

The prophet's person must not be touched by the people. This also is like the taboo of the witch-doctor. His staff must not be touched. Just like taboo. . . He warned the people of God not to take communion on Sunday but only on Monday. Other words there are, but in all of them the Word of God is being mixed with deception and distorted. . . Some of us went away at once, but one of the servants of the prophet came to tell us that if we went away today or tomorrow we should see a sign in the path and die. I replied, "You will hear only that we have arrived in our village."

Rev. C. L. Mason, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, said that it seemed to be a spirit movement. Some of its devotees fall down under the power of the spirit. It comes freely upon those outside the church and upon people who are living in open sin. The people cry to God and confess publicly the most revolting sins and grossest immoralities. Such vile confessions in public have a most unhappy effect. The devotees of the movement are attacked with the *tuteka* or shake. One copies another.

One of the worst features of the movement is that it soon assumed an anti-white character. Rev. Thomas Hill states that the prophets on the Bangu said, "God is going to drive every white man out of Congo." The prophets advised the people to refuse to work for the white man and to refuse to pay taxes to the State. It is this last phase of the matter which has led the Government to take active measures against the leaders. A large number of prophets have been imprisoned as well as a good many of their followers, particularly those who were discovered to be aiding the movement

by funds or assisting in the public meetings. The prophets have prepared a number of hymns which the people are taught and frequently sing as they make their journeys from village to village. So far as these hymns have fallen into the hands of the missionaries they seemed to be sufficiently innocuous. They made use of the usual Christian militant phraseology such as is found in "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and were, perhaps for this reason, not always understood by Government officials unfamiliar with evangelical terminology. The hymns were forbidden by the Government, and persistence in their use by some of the people led to their arrest. Some of them are said to be both anti-white and antimissionary.

It is supposed that connection has been established by the State between this movement and the general world-wide pan-African agitation. It seems probable that the movement was entirely innocent in the beginning; Kibangu, its originator, being a neurotic individual, subject to such visions as have not infrequently in other lands and among other peoples given rise to religious movements of a transitory nature. It is possible, however, that the anti-white group may have recognized its possibilities and taken advantage of the movement to propagate its ideas.

The trial of Kibangu took place in October, and he was sentenced to death but was subsequently reprieved by King Albert. Some of his followers were given prison sentences of from five to twenty years, while others were deported. There is considerable feeling even among Belgians that these sentences were unduly severe, and it is probable that after the lapse of further time and the subsidence of the disturbance there will be further substantial commutation of the sentences.

The excitement in the lower Congo has already died down in a considerable measure. The people were greatly disappointed in the prophet's failure to heal in so many cases and are to some extent disillusioned. Moreover, the novelty of the thing has worn off, and the average native is not anxious to incur the displeasure of the State unnecessarily. On the other hand, many of those who have been punished by the State pose as martyrs and claim to suffer joyfully for Jesus' sake. As one woman put it: "Do not weep for me. I am not seeing any trouble because I am being sent away. It is for the sake of the gospel." It is believed that now that Kibangu's case is settled the movement will gradually fade out. There are evidences that it is just beginning to appear in villages upon the upper river, but it will be dealt with at once and will probably not grow to the proportions which it assumed in lower Congo.

In the meantime there seems to be a very evident revival of real religion throughout the whole of the lower Congo region. A revival has broken out at Kinshasa. The prayer-meetings are crowded. Thousands of books are being sold. The people come from many distant points to buy. There are many inquirers, and large numbers are asking for baptism. The missionaries are proceeding with great caution on account of the previous excitement. The new converts are put upon long probation or received into provisional membership, but nevertheless the new interest seems to be wide-spread and of a very genuine character.

The details of the movement are given somewhat at length; first, because they would seem to indicate a new and growing sense of solidarity and racial con-

sciousness which must be reckoned with in future; secondly, because of the historical importance which the movement is bound to assume; and thirdly, because of the indication found in it of a desire for leadership, a willingness to pay the penalties of leadership, and at least to some extent a capacity for leadership which indubitably can and should be capitalized for the kingdom.

V

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN CONGO

"Probably nothing would be so likely to save native Christians from looking each man on his own things exclusively as to get the churches to undertake and maintain, to the extent of real self-sacrifice, some effort outside the ordinary sphere of their obligations, which would correspond to foreign mission work."—*C. H. Harvey.*

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN CONGO

The development of the native church in Congo has never known mass movements in quite the sense that they are known in India, probably because of the very much smaller populations. None the less there have been at times movements of comparatively large numbers of people toward the church in a manner which seems in some degree to parallel the Indian mass movements.

Such awakenings seem to come after a long period of seed-sowing in any particular section which may apparently have produced little result. They have been for the most part not general but local. Most of the older missions at work in the Congo have had experiences of such movements, and it may be questioned whether this is not the normal method of progress in this field.

One of the most remarkable of these uprisings was that which occurred at Banza Manteke in 1886. It has sometimes been called the "Pentecost on the Congo." The veteran missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Rev. Henry Richards, who after forty-two years on the Congo is still in active service, was then in the first years of his work. He had labored zealously, faithfully, and in the midst of many privations and difficulties for seven years. His first converts had preached among the people in the face of much persecution when suddenly the Spirit of God seemed to come upon the people, and they came in groups and hundreds until a thousand declared themselves followers of Christ in a few weeks. Newly won from a gross heathenism

as were these converts, they became filled with a desire to spread the good news among their fellows. Personal evangelism became the common order of the day. There was an eagerness to learn to read so that they might gain for themselves new lessons from the word of God, and numbers were found ready and willing to visit the villages through the surrounding country as teachers and evangelists. The movement spread throughout the lower Congo, including also the territory of the Baptist Missionary Society of England.

The experience of the Baptist Missionary Society at Yakusu on the upper river well illustrates the principle of which we have spoken: a period of quiet seed-sowing and modest growth followed by large ingatherings. The work at this point began in 1902 and proceeded with encouraging but modest success until 1913, when much more rapid growth commenced. At the beginning of the year mentioned the church-membership was 470, but large accretions have taken place each year until there are now more than 3,000 members. Secretary C. E. Wilson of the Baptist Missionary Society, in speaking of this work says:

> The outschools number 300 with over 7,000 scholars, and at the same time the boundaries of the work have been continually widening out. The missionaries would be the first to acknowledge that all this growth has not been of their doing. The whole movement is of the Spirit of God who has borne them along far beyond their own expectations.

At Bolenge in the work of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission a somewhat similar experience has taken place. There were a number of years of quiet seed-sowing both by the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission missionaries and by the missionaries of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society by whom the station was originally opened. Then occurred the break in the darkness: the

BANZA MANTEKE
Time of Big Revival

organization of a church of thirty members followed by rapid growth, so that in about a decade the number grew to more than 3,000.

The American Presbyterian Congo Mission, working in the Kasai district with headquarters at Luebo, has the largest number of communicants of any Congo mission—nearly 20,000. In his account of the work, "Triumphs of the Gospel in Belgian Congo," Rev. R. D. Bedinger speaks particularly of the prompt and enthusiastic response met with among the Bena Lulua people. It began when Kalemba the chief sent this message to the Luebo Mission.

I, Kalemba, the King of the Luluas, have long been a seeker after life. I have gone west as far as the Great Waters, but the Portuguese satisfied me not. I went east, and the Belgians gave me perfected guns which said, "I take life, but I cannot give it." I have sought to the south, and the wizards comforted me not. But passers-by have declared your gospel to me, and I am satisfied at last. My searchings are ended. I and my people are yours. Accept as guaranty my own child, whom I am sending to you. But come quickly to my home, where we all await you. Your God make you merciful to me.

Mr. Bedinger adds that the gospel message spread like wild-fire.

In spite of the fact that the tests for church-membership are more rigid for the Luluas than for others, they have come rushing into the kingdom faster than we, with our inadequate missionary force, really wish.

The writer had the very great privilege of observing for himself one of these overwhelming spontaneous turnings to God in process of taking place. He does not attempt to evaluate it or to estimate the significance and probable proportions of the movement, but merely to recount the events which came under his observation.

It occurred at Sona Bata, one of the stations of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society on the lower Congo. Sona Bata is situated on the railroad between Kinshasa and Thysville. The original station was at Kifwa, about sixteen miles distant, but the station was moved to the present site for health reasons. It is the center of a populous territory. Steady but not phenomenal progress has been made.

Early last year Mr. and Mrs. Moody who are at present in charge of the work at the station, Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson, their colleagues, having left for furlough, made a very long tour throughout the entire Sona Bata territory. Upon this journey they were confirmed in their previous impression that a very great work of grace had begun throughout the entire area. Everywhere they found a new interest in the gospel, meetings were attended as never before, the gifts of members and adherents to the support of the work were much more numerous and generous, and large numbers were awaiting baptism. In view of the prevalence of the excitement in relation to the prophet movement which was already affecting lower Congo, Mr. Moody proceeded with very great caution, although there were few evidences of the Sona Bata field being affected. Mr. Moody urged upon the native workers the importance of assuring themselves that those desiring baptism were adequately prepared. They replied that they were keeping back for further instruction more than half of those seeking baptism, and were presenting only those who had been under the influence of the gospel for years, had been given special instruction for three months, were living blameless lives, giving regularly to the support of the church, and had been carefully examined first by the deacons and afterward by the church.

At centers from one to three days distant from Sona Bata ten great conferences were held during the months June, July, and August (1921). At each of them the attendance was unexpectedly large, and there was considerable difficulty in accommodating the people. At one point (Kinsangu) a tabernacle of bamboo and palm leaves was built twenty-two fathoms long and ten wide. The people crowded into it to such an extent that its walls were pushed outward. At these ten gatherings 1,028 new members were baptized, this being a small proportion of those offering themselves for baptism.

Our visit to Sona Bata coincided with the eleventh and final one of these conferences which was to be held at the central station. The people commenced to arrive on the evening before the opening of the conference, each group in charge of its pastor or the church deacons. There were crowds of boys and girls, half-naked, but with round, interested faces and expectant eyes. Every one seemed to be looking forward to a good time. The women had their babies tied on their backs and the family food supply upon their heads. Shelter for the night was provided for them, but all were expected to bring sufficient food to last them throughout the four or five days of the conference. Many of the people walked for three days to be present, and one group of men arrived from a village five days distant.

More than a thousand people attended the conference. It would be impossible to follow the program in detail. While Mr. Moody furnished general direction it was in the hands of the native leaders for the most part. By the end of the first day the whole compound had assumed a very lively appearance. Its usually neat and orderly paths and lawns were littered with the dried leaf wrappings of the *kwanga* or prepared manioc forming the

staple of the conference diet. Little camp-fires were kindled here and there, and groups were gathered about them between sessions, sitting on the ground, chatting together, arranging the household utensils, or cooking their simple meals. Beside them are piled the impedimenta of their journey, leaf-wrapped masses of *kwanga,* pots and water-gourds, mats and bundles of extra clothing. Conspicuous among their belongings are Bibles and hymn-books, often wrapped in handkerchiefs to keep them clean. Occasionally a woman might be seen washing her baby upon the lawn by the simple expedient of emptying the water-gourd over its little brown naked body. The children gathered in groups to play games, the boys and the girls separately. There seemed to be numberless babies and children, a happy augury of the future. At night the scene took on an added attraction. Twenty-five camp-fires twinkled and glowed about the grounds and in among the palm trees; the pleasant odor of the wood smoke lent an air of Congo home comfort to the group about each. Every one was thoroughly at home, little babies lying asleep in their mother's arms, children cuddling against their parents on the mats under the open sky; the stars and the evening breeze and the quiet of the night bringing a brooding peace upon all after the excitement of the day.

The conference is called a *matondo* which indicates thanksgiving and takes its name from the practise of each member bringing a thank-offering to the meeting, additional to the ordinary gifts he makes regularly to the church. On Saturday afternoon the session for the reception of these offerings took place. The church at Sona Bata is a commodious brick building, the crowning achievement of Mr. Frederickson's last period of service upon the field. It was filled to overflowing, however, and

fully 125 women were seated upon the floor in the space in front of the pulpit.

The meeting opened with singing, prayer, and a brief address. Then came the time for the presentation of the offerings. The moderator announced the name of the church and the amount of its offering as the leader of the delegation presented it. On the platform one of the preachers wrote the names and figures on a long blackboard for all to see. As each was announced it was greeted with the muted hand-clapping peculiar to the Congo native. Several of the larger churches commenced with substantial offerings, one amounting to 328 francs. A young man rushed up the aisle, as well as was possible for the crowd, with a handful of crumpled bank-notes. Another presented a bundle of dirty envelopes tied up with a piece of rag and each containing currency. A mass of silver was brought in a basket. A little church reputed as dead in a village not far off proved to have been restored to life and was represented by an offering of francs 29.20. A dirty calico-print bag appeared. It was secured with a piece of fiber and contained bills. A delegation of four paraded up the aisle together, the foremost bearing a wicker basket containing two canvas bags, one white and the other blue; this was the gift from the Sona Bata church, the white bag from Mamma Moody's class of women and containing no less than ninety-five francs.

But that which produced the greatest impression of all was the presentation of gifts from the struggling new churches just opened among the Bayakas and Bafunikas. The sums were not large, francs 9.50 and 5.00 respectively, but they were received with unbounded enthusiasm and greeted with a storm of applause. One of the leaders jumped to his feet and began to make a rapid-fire ad-

dress: "We sent them the Word a year ago; now they are sending us a thank-offering." I arose to say a few words of appreciation. They were very anxious to know what the foreign visitor had to say about it.

"Here, you women," shouted the leader, "if you have babies (almost all of them had) tell them to be quiet."

I tried to tell them how glad God's people in America would be to know of their loyalty and generosity. Every face was beaming and every eye shining. Immediately they recommenced the swinging refrain which they had already repeated over and over:

Ntondo kwa Nzambi, tata.
(Thanks be to God, the Father.)

On Sunday morning the services commenced at six o'clock when a great group of people repaired to the bottom of the hill for an early morning baptismal service. It behooved them to start thus early, for there were hundreds to baptize. Mr. Moody had done his best to limit the number, desiring to be quite certain that each should be thoroughly instructed and should have given good proof of conversion before being taken into the church. The native pastors continued to bring their lists, however, until the number far exceeded expectations, and added, moreover, that in most of the churches twice the number of those presented were being kept back for further instruction.

At eight o'clock they started baptizing again after a service of prayer and preparation in the church above. Mr. Clark and I went to the pool, scrambling down the mountainside amid the nimble barefooted men and women. It was an impressive sight: the wood-covered hills rising all about us, the luxuriant tropical foliage, the crowd of men and women gathered expectantly about

the pool, the group of preachers and leaders upon the farther side, the candidates, their faces bright with the joy of following the Lord and Master in baptism, deacons and deaconesses stationed here and there to steady the footsteps of the newly baptized members as they came up the slippery clay banks out of the pool, men and women in a steady stream stepping down into the water one after another, the solemn utterance of the age-old formula, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the spontaneous outburst of song. Ascending the hill we heard one old woman greet a friend who had just been baptized: "You are on the right road now. Have courage to tread it faithfully."

Perhaps the most touching thing of all was to find, after we had reascended the hill to the station compound, a crowd of people in front of Mr. Moody's house. There were fifty or more. Two preachers were talking earnestly to them from the porch. One of them was remarkable for possessing a pair of trousers, the original material of which had been white. It had thirteen patches, the largest a square of lavender on the right leg; several others were of pink. We inquired why the group had gathered and learned that they had come to ask why they too could not be baptized. "We believe in Jesus now and shall believe just the same some months later; why tell us to wait?" There was no evidence of anger, merely grief and disappointment.

As soon as the people returned from the pool the service was resumed on the green in the center of the compound. The great group of new disciples, 380 in all, were lined up in the form of a triangle. On one side were a number who had been disciplined for various reasons and were now being restored. It was no small task to

marshal the forces. Mr. Moody had need of all his executive ability, but was well seconded by his native associates. An address was made to the new members and all received the right hand of fellowship. Then the entire congregation crowded into the chapel again, or as large a part as could succeed in doing so.

On Saturday the church had been tastefully decorated with palms. The pulpit was bright with the vivid magenta and green of the Bougainvillea. The doors were besieged, and the people pressed in until not another could enter. About two hundred were seated closely packed on the floor before the pulpit and in the aisles. The doorways were jammed, and hundreds were seated or crouching without, listening through door and window.

Prayer and song were interspersed between the addresses. The native preachers know the word. It is their one book, and they refer to it constantly. Many of them are speakers of fluency and considerable power. They sway the audience. Notwithstanding the heat which grows oppressive, for it is now midday, and the packed condition of the building, there is no inattention. The preacher launches out into the story of Elijah and Ahab. He draws a vivid picture, making the old story live before the eyes of the audience. Their intense interest is manifest by their frequent responses. He draws answers from them by pointed questions. The people enter into the spirit of the story. Unerringly they seem to sense the right response, and as one man they answer with a deep-throated "Aye,"—"Yes indeed,"—"No,"—"It is God" —appropriate to the action of the story. The speaker elicits these utterances quite consciously, but they cause no perceptible break in the thread of his address. Fitting right into the theme, he receives them and hastens on. Suddenly he breaks into song. It is a musical recital

of the triumphs of the worthies. "God helped Elijah, and he will help you too." The whole audience joins in the song. Men, women, and children enter into it with their whole soul: "Daniel, Moses, Joseph, He helped them, and he will help you too." It is a swinging rhythm and a hearty refrain. Having once started it seems as though they cannot stop, and over and over again the chorus is repeated.

The people seemed to have blossomed since the previous day. They had evidently been saving their best clothing for Sunday. A piece of faded calico had been the prevailing style, but today the whole great gathering has effloresced. They have suddenly become a surging sea of color: brilliant scarlets, yellows, green, magenta, purple, brown, blue, orange—not merely the primary colors of the rainbow, but every intermediate tint. The women on the green before the church form a kaleidoscope of patterns and hues as they come and go, mingle and separate. How happy they are. It is the greatest occasion in some of their little meager lives.

There was a funny little old man on the front row in the church. He looked like an old plantation darky: kinky locks, grizzled with age, a little fuzzy moustache also peppered by time. He wore a dingy white shirt made of flour sacks, a pair of khaki trousers, and a long black frock coat, but no collar. Not being used to the long garment he had almost to turn himself inside out to get at his collection money in the tail pocket, when the offering was taken. I learned later that at the time he was baptized there was a white man, a state official in town. He had been so happy in the joy of his newfound Christian faith that he had summoned courage to approach the white man and say, "Do you love Jesus?" He received a kick for his pains, but said afterward,

"Well, it was worth the kick to be able to talk about Jesus."

So ended the most wonderful conference ever held at Sona Bata.

There seems to be some evidence that the revival at Sona Bata is part of a general awakening in lower Congo. At Banza Manteke more than 1,100 have been baptized during the past year, a larger number than for many years previously. Mr. Mason, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, reports unusual interest in the field covered by his Society, and Mr. Kirkland speaks of the situation at Kinshasa as constituting a real revival.

No such large ingatherings as are here chronicled would ever be possible, however, without the steady patient work of the preceding years. The winning of a community to a new faith, the changing of habits and customs inherited from the ages, the building of character not alone in the individual but also in the community, is slow up-hill work. It calls upon the utmost powers of the missionary and a spirit of devotion which is ready to give to the last ounce of human endurance. In the early days of the work it meant not infrequently the very laying down of the life, and there are few mission stations in Congo which are not consecrated by at least one white grave. Few things on the Congo field so impress one as those little enclosures, usually, and most appropriately, hard by the native church, with one or more simple stones with dates and names of those who have counted not their lives dear unto them that the church of Christ might be erected in Congoland.

Today far fewer sacrifices of this kind are required than in those early pioneering days. A better knowledge of the country and wiser measures of sustaining health have robbed the field of many of its terrors, but the lives

given to Christ for Congo are in very truth "living sacrifices," and the service which brings rich results is that which is rendered daily, persistently, energetically, and untiringly through a period of years.

The program of the development of the native church takes similar lines throughout the whole of Congo, no matter what the name of the agency or the particular phases of evangelical truth emphasized by it. First, there is the establishment of the missionary home, the winning by patient and tactful approach of the confidence of the people. Afterward comes the break in the darkness and the making of the first few native converts. From this time on perhaps the chief factor in the development of the native church is the native himself. It may be said without exaggeration that the first converts in any new area are always zealous for the winning of others. At Vanga, the most recently opened station of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, it became necessary to use quite young men who had but a few months' schooling to carry the gospel to new villages eagerly calling for teachers. The experience cited by Mr. Bedinger in connection with the work of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission is well-nigh universal. He writes:

> Young teachers, though inadequately prepared, were placed temporarily in charge of outstations. Frequently men from the work line have been sent to fill posts until evangelists could be trained. In some instances the itinerating missionary has taken men from his caravan to meet urgent calls. The carrying out of this policy has developed initiative and confidence in the native Christians.

The many calls which come to the missionary for teachers to open schools in the surrounding villages and for evangelists to visit them with the word of God, very soon force upon the missionary a realization of the great

need for fully trained and responsible leaders. This gives rise to the station training-school which is well-nigh universal in evangelical work throughout Congo. From these station training-schools, conducted by the missionary and his wife with such other aid as the station staff may afford, come the leaders who become pastors of the churches in surrounding villages, teachers of the village schools, and evangelists at large.

Practise differs as regards the organization of church life and is very apt to follow the particular form of the communion represented by the missionary. It may be said, however, that there is a growing feeling that a greater degree of initiative should be left in the natives' hands and responsibility placed upon his shoulders.

For the most part the native church adopts and enforces its own rules of discipline. Mr. C. E. Wilson in his volume, " After Forty Years," gives a statement of church discipline in use by the native church at Yakusu which may be taken as fairly indicative of the obligations of church-membership throughout Congo:

1. He who will miss communion three times without a worthy reason has committed a sin. He is not fit to partake again while he is as yet unforgiven.

2. He who will not give a gift during twelve months will not be given the communion unless he has paid arrears.

3. The church has prohibited these affairs: Polygamy, the marrying of more than one wife; drinking palm-wine; dancing dances of indecency; hemp smoking; games of gambling; irregular marriage; consenting to marry a polygamist; remaining with a husband who has taken a second wife; inheriting a father's wife; inheriting a brother's wife with one's own; all the affairs of secret spirit ceremonies.

Considerable progress has been made in the matter of self-support in recent years. The importance of putting the native church upon a solid basis in this respect was not recognized by the earlier missionaries to the same extent as it now is by their successors. There were, however, notable exceptions. Tshumbiri, a station of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society on the main river in Moyen Congo, has never had any money from the home Board for outstation preaching or school work. The station was opened in 1890 by Rev. A. Billington. It was his conviction that a genuine Christianity should lead to an earnest desire to win others to the faith and a willingness to give to the limit of one's power to that end. He taught from the beginning that it is the duty of Christian people everywhere to spread the gospel. Some must go, others must give. The first church was formed in 1902, and no member was admitted without a pledge to support the work by regular giving. Every member makes his pledge at the time of baptism. They are called upon by the church from time to time to increase their gifts as their resources increase. In the year 1920 the membership had grown to 425. Their gifts for that year were 2,174 francs, or 5.10 francs per member. Fifty-five workers were supported, receiving from three to thirty francs per month each, and all of them were paid from the funds thus contributed. Each teacher or preacher is responsible for the funds from his church. He keeps a book with the names of the members and the amounts of their pledge. The money is paid to him and accounted for quarterly. One of the best givers is a woman named Mintoba. She is a charter member of the church and gives two and a half francs each month. In order to secure the money she plants a garden, raises manioc, mills it herself, and makes the native *binguate*

or bread. This she sells to the river boats which call frequently at Tshumbiri. It is worthy of note that the whole process from soil to finished product and marketing is due to her industry.

Under Mr. and Mrs. Metzger, who are now in charge of the station, self-support has been encouraged and developed. The members have inaugurated the plan of bringing special gifts in addition to their regular offerings. If one of them has a successful fishing trip or is fortunate enough to kill a hippopotamus, he usually brings a special gift.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance has been very successful in inculcating a spirit of giving in the churches under its care. Mr. Mason states that not only are they carrying their own local expenses but ten per cent. of all offerings is set aside for missions abroad. The churches are ready to carry the expenses of any serious betterment needed for their property. One of their churches recently raised 900 francs for a cement floor. The Congo Balolo Mission working among the Lingombe people has rather a singular custom. They have adopted the policy of having a woman treasurer for each church. She is considered more honest, better able to hold the money, and more courageous in securing it than a man would be. She is a veritable mother in Israel. She becomes responsible for the money and gives a receipt for it. Rev. E. A. Ruskin, who furnishes these details, states that it has the effect upon the woman herself of making her jealous for the welfare of the church. She keeps an eye upon the members and labors with any one who is negligent in church attendance and duties.

One of these women treasurers went so far as to remonstrate with the medal chief appointed by the State, for disturbing the church.

REV. P. C. METZGER AND MRS. METZGER

MR. METZGER AND STUDENTS

"Why did you have the drum beaten at service time and call for people to go and hunt?"

The chief replied, "I was hungry and need meat on Sunday as well as other days."

"Well," said she, "remember in future that this is God's day, and we should observe it for him."

There are about thirty of the churches which have women treasurers. They practically become deaconesses but are not paid. While they exercise great vigilance in preserving the discipline of the church, they always rejoice to receive the sinner into church-membership again when there is evidence of repentance.

The American Presbyterian Congo Mission has adopted the envelope system in some of its churches. At Lusambo there is a church with about two hundred members. One hundred eighty-five of them have envelopes and are giving a tenth of their incomes. Rev. Joseph Clark states that at Ntondo each member promises to give regularly upon entering the church. The question was asked: "What is done if he fails to keep his promise?"

"They put him out of the church."

"What, do they put him out for not paying?"

"No," was the response, "they put him out of the church for lying."

Rev. A. R. Stonelake of the Baptist Missionary Society states that at Lukolele, which has been without a resident missionary for ten years, they have an old woman as treasurer. On communion Sundays the members bring their gifts. The native evangelist reads the roll, and as each member hands in his contribution it is received by the treasurer. The evangelist keeps the key to the house where the money is kept, but the woman keeps the key to the money-box within the house.

Rev. J. E. Geil, of Banza Manteke, has recently met

with very great success in introducing systematic methods of church finance and self-support. Banza Manteke is the site of the wonderful triumphs of the gospel in other days. The people at that time were poor, and their gifts were not large. With the coming of the railroad and the development of the country, the means of securing money have multiplied, and the incomes of the people have proportionately increased. Unfortunately their contributions to the church have not kept pace with their growing financial capacity.

Mr. Geil came to the conclusion that nothing could be so salutary for the spiritual life of the church as a revival of the primitive grace of giving and resolved to make an effort to bring this about.

It was manifestly not an easy task which was before him. Easy-going ways which had been followed for years, had brought the members to the place where they failed to see the spiritual relationship between faithfulness in the use of one's money and the blessing of God upon one's soul. Mr. Geil began a campaign of thorough teaching upon the subject. Above all the people in lower Congo the Banza Manteke people know the Scriptures, and Mr. Geil had the advantage of the support of the word. It was not long before he had the leading teachers and preachers with him in the matter, and they decided upon laying it frankly before the church and instituting an every-member canvass. A meeting of teachers, pastors, and village chiefs was held, at which an estimate was given of the amount each village would need to raise in order to support its own teacher. There was some objection, particularly from a certain village, the leaders of which claimed that they were too poor to increase their giving. It was pointed out to them that money was forthcoming for every other purpose. Their

own associates were the first to expose the fallacy of the poverty argument. It was found that in the village in question a poor widow was giving more per week than either the chief or the teacher. The outcome of the meeting was that every village in the district agreed to assume not only the support of its teacher, but also the miscellaneous expenses of the work in the village. Enthusiasm grew as the matter developed until a hearty and happy interest was evident in all directions. Many cases of really sacrificial giving developed. One of these was the case of Isake Muendo. He is a little man with straggling whiskers and earnest face; clad in an ancient khaki coat of faded hue, a ragged pair of trousers, but neither shoes nor hat. He made an impassioned address at one of the meetings. It seems that he is receiving ten francs per month, and during the past seven months he and his family have given francs 48.

The effect upon the churches has already been most healthful. There is a new animation and activity. While the atmosphere was temporarily disturbed quite seriously by the prophet movement, the agitation has quieted down and new and substantial progress in the gospel work is being made.

A description of the service held on Sunday morning at Lukunga will perhaps best illustrate the Congo method of conducting worship as well as yield some side-lights upon the general method of carrying on the business of the church.

The people gathered early in the morning, but the service was not called until 10.30. There were too many for all to be accommodated in the little brick church, and they came together in a great booth which had been erected in the center of the compound. It was a primitive structure; merely a series of poles stuck in the ground with palm

leaves laid over a framework for protection from the sun. More than four hundred crowded under this shelter. The mission is built on a broad plateau surrounded by plains and with the hills rising on all sides at a moderate distance. The air was limpid and the sunshine brilliant and stimulating. It was a joy to worship thus in God's green temple undisturbed by confining walls. By the side of the tabernacle there was a branching tree with a group of boys and young men perched like monkeys in it. The palm leaves forming the roof were partly dried and curled up, leaving many interstices, and splashes of golden sunlight dappled the clay floor.

There was the lusty singing of hymns with an exhortation from the pastor not to caw or crow like birds, but to sing sweetly and well. Mr. and Mrs. Hill were present for the first time after long absence, and the royal welcome given them was a testimony to the affection in which they are held.

They had asked the visitor from America to speak, and Budimbu, one of the teachers who had been in England for a time and knew English fairly well, was to interpret. The latter sat in a front seat during the preliminary exercises, holding his little naked baby upon his knee. When he arose to interpret he placed the baby on the ground at our feet. For a time it played with my shoe which seemed to strike its fancy, then growing weary, it lay down in the dust at our feet and went to sleep. Three dogs wandered at will among the assembled company during the address. A hen joined the company. A little lad sitting on the floor in front rubbed the back of one of the dogs giving it much comfort from its many fleas.

After the sermon and a hymn the pastor called for cases of discipline. One young man has drunk palm-

wine and danced. He confesses before the whole church and asks forgiveness. A young woman has married outside the church; she follows the example of the young man. The deacons hear the confessions and ask questions. These are no light matters and call for serious and prayerful action. No one is permitted to make public confession and ask for restoration until he has demonstrated the sincerity of his repentance by living a life free from blame for several months. He is then put on probation for a period ranging from six months to a year before restoration.

After the cases for discipline have been disposed of a young man presents a letter and card from the church at Matadi saying that he is in good standing. The church votes to receive him by gentle clapping of the hands in rhythmic unison.

A variety of old straw and felt hats have been hung upon the branches of trees. We had to keep ours on for fear of the sun which searched us out through the defective thatch. The collection is to be taken. The miscellaneous hats descend from the trees, a square tray is also used. The pastor reads the names of the members from the church roll, and they respond by saying how much they are putting in the collection; the amount is written in the book opposite their names. The number of those who give includes some who are not yet members of the church. If a member is absent he is expected to make up the deficiency next time. If he falls into arrears he is disciplined. Time is no object to the Congo native. The collection is not a part of the worship of God which ought to be slighted, so it is carried forward leisurely and occupies a considerable period. Thus the service draws to a dignified conclusion, and the total impression made upon the visitor is that these people take their religion

both joyfully and seriously, and that the coming of the gospel has put great content into empty lives.

The natives of the Congo dearly love a palaver. Moreover, they are skilful in debate and enrich their discourse by many fables and proverbs. In the afternoon of the day upon which the service above described was held, we had an extensive palaver with the chiefs, teachers, and preachers, as well as many of the leading men of the Lukunga district. They had a series of questions to bring to me and were particularly anxious to know whether Lukunga was to be left longer without a white missionary. They also asked whether they ought to be required to worship in a mere booth such as that in which we were then meeting. I replied to the latter question by telling them the story of a church in Pennsylvania, built by the hands of its pastor and members. They immediately rose to the idea, but said they wanted the white missionary to help plan and to secure tools for them.

They asked questions about the prices charged for medicine, the clothing furnished boys at school on the stations, the high cost of living, and the opportunity for further schooling. We talked these things over frankly. There were some vigorous speeches on both sides. They took our explanation in good part and closed by sending many expressions of good-will to the brethren in America from the Christians in Lukunga. Then they gathered about us in a circle and spontaneously joined in a parting hymn. Lukorki, one of the native pastors, offered an earnest prayer that God would keep the American visitor in his farther journey all the way on road and river, by steamboat and caravan.

The development of women's work in the Congo has not kept pace with that of the general work. The woman has been considered not only the weaker vessel, but also

the decidedly inferior element in the social order. She has borne a disproportionate share of the burdens and sufferings of the race. She was and is still in large measure the slave of the man.

Even when the native peoples began to receive the gospel it was natural for the emphasis to be placed upon the importance of winning the men. The earlier schools were almost always boys' schools, and though many serious efforts were made from time to time in the direction of training girls, still the main educational work was for boys. There were perhaps two reasons for this: First, there was the difficulty of securing girls for training. The girl was a marketable property and from her early years was expected to work beside her mother in tilling the soil. The second reason was the very great need for native teachers and preachers, to the training of whom the school work was most largely directed.

The situation is now changing. Increasing emphasis is being placed upon the education of women. Many of the stations have girls' schools, although they are smaller than the schools for boys. The young men themselves are taking the initiative in asking that their future wives be trained. Some few women native workers are being developed as teachers, matrons, evangelistic workers, and occasionally nurses.

Special attention is also being given to the evangelization of women. One of the most thrilling sights I have seen was Mrs. Moody's class of women inquirers at Sona Bata. They met in the brick church—not less than 150 of them. They might all have found room upon the benches, but it is perhaps typical of the African woman's own estimate of herself that instead of taking the most comfortable and dignified place available, as the men would have done, they huddled closely together on the

floor at the front of the church, only a comparatively few of them occupying the adjacent seats.

Almost every woman had a baby in her arms, for the most part occupied with its morning meal. The majority of both babies and mothers were fat and healthy, though some had sores upon their bodies. They came from villages at some distance from the station where there are no teachers. Therefore few can read, and it is needful to teach them the simple truths of the gospel by memory. They are studying to become church-members. Their clothing is meager, for the most part a single cloth wrapped about the body and tucked in above the breasts, but there is every evidence of modesty. Their faces are alert and interested. Each has brought a thank-offering ranging in amount from fifty centimes to two francs.

Mrs. Moody talked to them simply and earnestly. They listened quietly and with great interest. Knowing something of their lives, of the ordinary deadening routine of the garden work, the home duties, the heavy labor, the child-bearing, the submission to male caprice, the position of inferiority, and the lack of any uplifting or refining influence, it was a marvel to me that there should still be present a spark of spiritual perception to be fanned into a flame by the breath of heaven's message, and I could not but reflect upon the devotion of their leader who had chosen to leave the benefits and privileges of her own land, a condition as far removed from the experience and knowledge of these women before her as heaven is from earth, in order to pour into their poverty-stricken hearts the full content of her own rich life.

VI

MOLDING MEN

"Two fundamental principles underlie industrial work. First, the attainment of a church supported by the natives through the thrift and industry of their own hands. The time is past when we may merely teach the native to become a Christian, and then leave him in his poverty and squalor where he can be of little or no use to the church. Second, the preparation of the native to take the largest and most influential positions in the development of the Colony."—*R. D. Bedinger.*

MOLDING MEN

The necessity of giving the native some means of education was early recognized by the missionaries to the Congo, and schools were very soon started. They were of a very informal character at first, and frequently grew out of the necessity of providing shelter for new converts at the mission station and protecting them from deadly persecution. It was seen too that foreign missionaries could never be sent to the field in sufficient numbers to do the actual work of hand-to-hand evangelization necessary to make a Christian country of the Congo, hence the advisability of taking advantage of the impulse of the new convert to carry in turn the good news to his own people.

But this required that he should be sufficiently taught in the word of God to be able to explain intelligently the gospel message to others, and that he should have a knowledge of reading to enable him to draw for himself upon the inexhaustible mine of inspiration and aid found in the Scriptures.

Many varying excursions into the field of education have been made, but the exigencies of the work have brought into permanent being three main types of school—the village school, the station boarding-school, and the training-school for preachers. In actual practise the two latter have ever shown a tendency to coalesce.

The curriculum of all these schools is for the most part very simple and is directed more particularly to the purpose of producing teachers and preachers.

The village school is the effort of the missions to supply the deficiency of State schools of primary grade. The State has made no effort whatever in the direction of popular education, and there seems no probability of its doing so in the immediate future. The mission village school therefore forms the only doorway for the village boy or girl to emerge from the obscurity of his local ignorance into the broader understanding of life presented through books and learning.

Even at its best the village school is extremely primitive and inadequate. Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, in his Tentative Report as Chairman of the African Education Commission, speaks as follows of the system as thus far developed:

> The devoted missionaries of Europe and America have gone off into the highways and hedges to evangelize the masses of the people. They have discovered natives of some ability and placed them as teachers in numerous little bush schools. They have helped these simple teachers of barbaric people by bringing them to the central station for meager instruction given for a few days or weeks each year. So far as we have been able to determine, the large majority of these teachers are just able to read and to write, and to add and subtract. A few of them are able to handle long division, and a few are able to read French with much difficulty. Only a negligible proportion of the whole teaching group of natives in the Congo have had the equivalent of two or three standards of English education, or four grades of American schools.

The description here given of the attainments of the village school teacher is in the main certainly correct. The demands of new villages for teachers have constantly tended to the thrusting out into actual service of inadequately prepared men. Even now the cry is heard from every direction that far more villages are asking for teachers than can possibly be supplied. Hence it is often the case that boys who have been upon the

BUILDING BOYS' DORMITORY
Tshumbiri

MAKING BRICKS
Tshumbiri

station from a few months to two or three years and have received such meager academic training as Doctor Jones describes, together with certain training in the Bible and the elements of Christian faith, find themselves in the position of leader in the community as respects both education and religion.

However, this difficulty has long been recognized and efforts have been made to offset it in various ways. The teachers have been called in each year for periods varying from a few weeks to a few months, and progressive training through a course of years has been given them. Certain promising youths have been kept in the station schools for comparatively long periods despite the temptation to thrust them prematurely into the work. Schools such as the Kongo Evangelical Training Institute have been organized where training over a period of three years or more is required for graduation. It is manifest, therefore, that the general statement regarding the meagerness of the preparation of the teachers of the village schools will admit of some exceptions, but even at its best it is sufficiently inadequate.

The equipment also of the village school is usually very limited. It is held in a small bamboo and grass thatched hut which serves also the purpose of a church at the time of services. This building rarely contains more than one room. It is not often that a blackboard is found among the furnishings. The children sit upon the floor usually, although there are occasionally a few benches, and a chair and table for the teacher. The instruction is given by the means of printed charts. A few slates may be found and several primers, reading-books, portions of the Bible, and other elementary school-books presenting various stages of ragged decrepitude. The school is usually in session about an hour and a

half or two hours in the morning each week-day unless some event of large importance to the village life should interrupt. Such an event would be the burning of the grass in the neighborhood of the village, at which time all the children would be away from school to join in hunting the field-mice driven out by the fire.

Certainly the road to learning is beset with difficulties for the average boy or girl of the African village. Nevertheless the primitive village school as here described gives the first contact with learning, and it is from these schools that the brighter boys are passed on to the station schools and ultimately develop into such leaders as Congo yet affords.

The station boarding-school has four advantages over the village school. It permits of greater regularity of attendance at school over an extended period, it brings the children into surroundings which are controlled by the missionary in the interests of the school, it affords instruction by the white missionary and by assistants under his immediate supervision, it gives a much broader curriculum and more thorough work.

It is possible in the station school to carry the pupil far beyond the meager attainments of the village school. Rev. J. Peterson, of the Swedish Mission Society, gives the curriculum of their station schools which may perhaps be taken as fairly representative of schools of other Societies. It is quoted here from the Report of the Congo Missionary Conference held at Luebo in 1918:

Scripture Teaching:

1 class: Bible history, New Testament.
2 class: Bible history, Old Testament.
3 class: Review of Old and New Testaments.
4 class: Lessons from the Bible.

Arithmetic:

1 class: Addition, subtraction, multiplication from 1-99, long measure of the metric system.

2 class: Addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division 1-999, measures of weight.

3 class: Review of second class course, time and measures of quantity.

4 class: Monetary system.

Writing:

1 class: Words and sentences on slates.

2 class: Words and sentences in copy-book; beginning to write from dictation,

3 & 4 class: Writing from dictation and composition.

Reading:

In all classes.

Geography:

3 class: Congo and Africa.

4 class: Review of Congo and Africa; the other parts of the world.

Natural History:

3 class: Physiology.

4 class: Zoology and botany.

The Grammar of the Mother Tongue:

3 class: Substantive, adjective, verb;
Subject, predicate, object.

4 class: Review of third class course and completion.

French:

3 and 4 class: Two to three hours a week.

Singing:

All classes: I hour a week.

Needlework and Carpentry:

Classes 3 and 4: Two or three afternoons every week.

The equipment even for the station boarding-schools is usually far from perfect. The writer made the following note of the living arrangements for the boys upon one station.

> The boarding-school boys are housed in three hovels built of odds and ends of lumber with tin roofs and no floor. Furniture crude in the extreme, wooden beds, no bedding, no tables or chairs, a few shelves. No cooking arrangements except a few native pots. Fires built on stones out of doors. Huts constantly infested with vermin. Little or no better than their native state.

Such a picture which fell under my personal observation, was formerly the common condition, and is all too frequent now.

The report of the Educational Commission emphasizes this in a paragraph reading as follows:

> We are not urging the introduction of European furniture and food as requisites of proper regard for sleeping and eating in African schools. The minimum which we emphatically urge upon every boarding-school is that there shall be such facilities and such supervision as will convince the native pupils that the sleeping and eating functions are equal in educational importance to any other on the school program. The extent of the neglect of these functions in some excellent schools which we have visited may properly be described as *shocking*.

Happily these conditions are now rapidly changing. Experiments in housing arrangements for boarding-school pupils are giving rise to advanced construction of a very praiseworthy type. At Bolenge the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission has erected a girls' dormitory in the form of a quadrangle with a large inner court. The entrance is flanked by the quarters of the married native couple who have the physical welfare of the girls as their special charge. The building is of brick, and a similar plan is

A WOMAN
WITH BASKET

MONDANGE, A DEACON,
WITH FAMILY
Tshumbiri

being followed in erecting quarters for the boys. Serious attention is now being given by all the missions to the housing of students, and other types of building are also being tried.

The training-school for preachers and teachers is perhaps the oldest form of educational work in Congo. It must needs exist at every station at least for a long time to come. The needs of the work demand the constant service of great numbers of workers. The number of out-schools and preaching-places in connection with each station ranges from fifty up into the hundreds. It will be a long time before fully trained teachers or pastors are available for all these places, and in the meantime each station must continue to train a large number of workers, constantly striving to better the education they are given.

Rev. Seymour E. Moon, the Principal of Kongo Evangelical Training Institute at Kimpese, expresses the principle which underlies the training of these men as follows:

> These teachers should be brought together at frequent regular periods so that their work can be checked up, their efficiency increased, and that they may be inspired and encouraged in their difficult work. The more faithful they have been, the harder they have had to tug and pull at people to lift them up; hence they soon need new inspiration which can only come from fresh contact with their former teachers and with others who have been facing like difficulties. At such times they should be given new educational material for the next term's work and taught how to use it.

It is probable that the unorganized forms of training have had quite as much value for the natives as the regular provision made for their education.

Contact with the white missionary has given the native new ideas of cleanliness, justice, probity, personal purity,

honesty, and industry. The missionary is the black man's Bible in a far truer way probably than he suspects. Even the virtues which one is inclined at times to consider of minor importance, such as patience, humility, consideration, kindness, a cheerful demeanor, and a pleasant tone of voice, have vast influence upon the African. Many a missionary fails of his greatest usefulness for lack of recognizing the truth of this latter observation.

The missionary's home too is a great civilizing and Christianizing agent. The relations which exist between the missionary and his wife, the tenderness and assiduous care bestowed upon the children, even the neatness and order of the dwelling, its comfort and convenience, have their message for the surrounding community.

But there is more than this in the unorganized training of the native. The children in the school must eat to live, and mission funds being small, the missionary plants gardens for the support of his great family, and in the process both boys as well as girls learn better methods of cultivating the soil and become familiar with food products not ordinarily included in the native bill of fare. Moreover, the food must be prepared, and improved methods of cooking are taught.

Many industries have developed from the exigencies of missionary compound building. At Tshumbiri I was impressed with the valuable results which have come from the engineering training and experience possessed by the missionary in charge, Rev. P. C. Metzger. In the course of building operations he has taught a large group of men the details of the sawyer's trade. They now make their living by cutting the harder and more valuable trees in the forest and sawing them into boards of varied dimensions as required by the trade. These are sold to trading companies, who ship them to Kinshasa and

other points. They get about fifteen francs for a board twelve feet long and two by eight inches.

Lumbering operations were taking place a few miles from the station during my visit. We paddled up the river early in the morning, and pushed the boat in through the marsh-grass which skirts the shore, and landed at the foot of a well-forested hill. As in most Congo woods, the underbrush was very dense, and tangled creepers combined with the shrubbery and bushes to render it almost impassable. The sawyers had been at work for some time, however, in this particular part of the forest and had cut a good many of the larger trees, clearing the undergrowth to some extent in the process. Several trees were already felled and were being sawed into proper lengths and sizes. The men had become quite familiar with the details of the task, and in so far as knowledge is concerned were capable of dealing with the the largest and most difficult trees. They have learned to use the level and pumb-line. They know how to prepare a saw-pit and to mark the logs for cutting. They use a variety of saws, but seem to prefer the simple hand-saw suitable for one man. They grow careless, however, and in spite of their perfect understanding of the need for accuracy in sawing the boards, they often deviate from the lines and produce crooked timbers.

Moreover, when the native sawyers are faced by an unusually large tree their hearts fail them before the task. Although they know perfectly well how to go at it, they come to the missionary and say:

"This work is too hard for us. You must come and help us. This task needs the white man's eyes and wisdom."

Brick-making is an industry which has become very widely known and practised throughout Congo, through

the efforts of the missionary. In most localities there is clay suitable for making bricks, and this has become one of the commoner building materials. On most mission stations a brick-kiln is to be found with a fair number of experienced men who have learned the art from the white missionaries. There is an increasing tendency for the native to use this and other permanent materials in the erection of his own dwelling. Near Kinshasa an experienced native has established a kiln for commercial purposes and is carrying on a good business with the foreign firms at that point.

Not a few other lines of industrial endeavor have been introduced to the natives through the exigencies of the needs of the work, such as carpentry, blacksmithing, and sewing. It is in comparatively recent years, however, that effort has been made to introduce these side lines into the regular curriculum of the school, and this brings us to a consideration of the present educational outlook.

There is no question but that evangelical mission work in Congo is entering a new epoch in respect to education. There is a new enthusiasm for thorough educational work. There is a new recognition of its paramount importance at this time. There is a wide-spread study of educational methods, embracing what has been done in all the great mission fields of the world from the work among the negroes in the Southern States of America to India and the Philippine Islands. Industrial training is assuming its proper place in the scheme. Trained educators are being sent and adequate educational plants are being projected.

The past four decades have been the period of wide-spread evangelization and the preempting of Congo's great territory for the Master. Beginning with the early pioneering journeys in the lower Congo, God's

messengers have pushed forward until they have well-nigh covered the great field. The original two societies entering the work have increased until there are now no less than twenty-one societies carrying on work in the Congo. But it has become manifest that there are natural limits to the work of evangelization unless large numbers of trained native leaders can be produced. The work has reached a stage where it demands the intelligent cooperation of the African himself in its leadership as well as in the humbler phases of discipleship. It is clear, too, that the task can never be complete until an educated and cultivated laity has been created to support the church leaders who may be expected from the schools. Without any reflection upon the work of the past, which in many respects is beyond all praise, the needs of the day call for a restudy of the whole situation and the projection of wisely laid plans to meet the new conditions.

It was most fitting and providential, therefore, that the African Education Commission should have been sent out at this time. The latter consisted of a group of experienced educationalists sent out jointly under the auspices of the Foreign Mission Societies of North America and the Phelps-Stokes Fund. It was under the leadership of Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, Educational Director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund. It visited the various sections of equatorial Africa in 1920 and 1921, making a careful study of the conditions in existence, and has recently rendered a report which is not only a valuable contribution to a better understanding of the educational situation upon the fields touched but also makes recommendations of far-reaching significance for the further development of the work.

A tentative report of the Education Commission was

in the hands of the brethren at the General Mission Conference, which was held at Bolenge, October 30 to November 7, 1921, and was of inestimable value in enabling the Conference to frame an educational policy in keeping with the needs of the times.

Perhaps the most important suggestion made to the Conference by the Education Commission was in respect to the adaptation of educational methods to the actual needs of the people. Stress was laid upon the importance of including health measures in the curriculum. Skill in the cultivation of the soil was also emphasized not only as a means of supply for the family but for the raising of products for the market. Gardening should not be a part of the labor system of the school but one of the essential elements of instruction. It was stated that hand-work should be taught in every school, especially that form of hand skill required in the communities where the pupils are to live and work. The sleeping and eating facilities were referred to as presenting distinct possibilities of educational value. The conviction was expressed that special emphasis should be laid upon preparing girls and young women for the duties of home life. Recreation was spoken of as the element in the Congo educational program which was the most neglected of all, and the Conference was urged to "counteract the dreadful effect of the sensuous and the sensual in the life of the natives by teaching them games of physical skill and prowess, games of mental diversion, and pleasures of song and movement that are uplifting." Stress was laid also upon the three R's, language work, character development, and religion.

The recommendations received by the General Conference from the Congo Conference held in New York the previous January were quite in accordance with the

views expressed above. The finding upon the subject was as follows:

> We recognize that if we are to build a full-orbed and permanent Christianity in the Congo, its foundation must be laid in Christian character. We also recognize that such character is impossible without industry. We believe that appropriate industrial training should be introduced by the missionaries themselves, and that it has its bearing not only on the making of Christian character, but also upon the production of food, better home conditions, and a better social life for the native people and especially those who become Christians

A very considerable beginning has already been made toward the reorganization of the Congo educational system upon the lines indicated. Indeed, in many directions the recommendations have been anticipated by actual and substantial achievement.

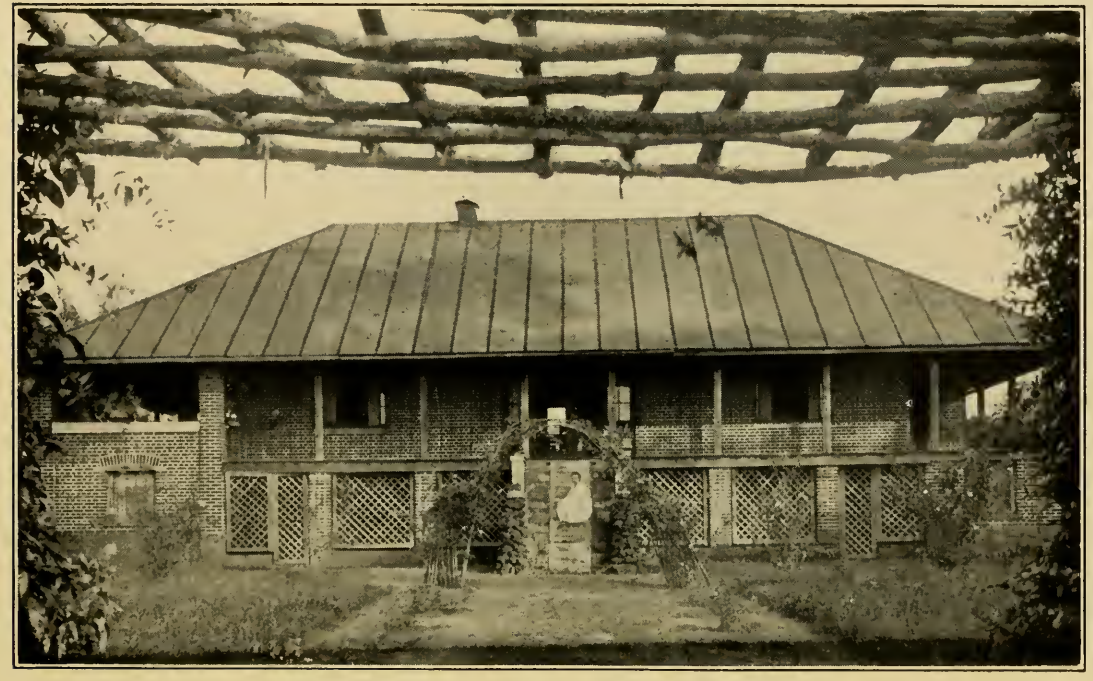
The need for the introduction of industrial methods is emphasized by the statement of Rev. Somerville Gilchrist of the Congo Balolo Mission, who says that in the section where he is at work the people find it necessary to spend most of their time for a large part of the year in the forest collecting gum copal to buy their clothes and pay their taxes. They are during this period exposed to unusual privations as well as to the bite of the tsetse fly. They have insufficient food and suffer both in health and morals from the system. Any training giving them other means of living would be a blessing.

Rev. P. C. Metzger is of the opinion that the teaching of industries will have a salutary effect in giving the native a means of livelihood in his own village, so that he may be able to withstand the current which sets toward the great commercial or agricultural establishment with its constant menace of industrial slavery.

The Congo Balolo Mission has had an industrial mis-

sionary upon the field for many years, and has introduced the wicker-furniture industry, which has grown to considerable proportions. Mr. Coxill states that in their industrial department they have a native worker whose first responsibility is the spiritual well-being of the boys. He also acts as foreman. There were fourteen church-members at the beginning of the year; twenty-five have come out for Christ during the year. Two of the boys from the chair-making industry have voluntarily gone to adjacent villages to become teachers at a considerably lower remuneration than they received from their industrial work.

The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has been carrying on organized industrial work at Ntondo for several years. It is in charge of Mr. W. E. Rodgers, a trained industrialist. Mr. Rodgers' shop is a model of what a modest establishment for industrial training ought to be. It is constructed of brick, well lighted, and airy. It has a ten horse-power, wood-burning engine running a power shaft on which are geared a rip-saw, a finishing-saw, a planer, a lathe, a scroll-saw, a grain-mill, and a grindstone. There is also an electric-light generator, which is to furnish light for the entire station. The shop contains eight benches for class work and a considerable quantity of useful machinery and tools. The teachers and evangelists spend nine months on the field and come to the station for three months. The course of study covers three years. There is also a building with forges and machinery for iron work. Ntondo is among the most beautiful and well laid-out stations in Congo. Its buildings are of brick and bear striking testimony to the possibilities of native work under wise direction. One of the encouraging features of the situation is that the adjacent native village shows many signs of the effect of the



MISSION HOUSE AT NTONDO

work in improved and better-furnished dwellings. Rev. A. V. Marsh says that in the villages one will now frequently find houses with dining-room, bedroom, visitor's room, and occasionally a study.

Mr. Rodgers' philosophy of industrial training is worthy of note:

> The object of our industrial work is to teach the people to make homes, in the best sense of the word. The home is the basis of civilization. You cannot introduce sanitation while the black man lives in a little hovel no more ambitious than would suffice for a muskrat. It is impossible truly to educate the native in such surroundings. Evangelism cannot do its best work while he lives thus. The whole privacy of his home is exposed to the gaze of the village. The real home must provide privacy. It is the task of the industrial department to teach the native to make such a home. He can only learn to do so on the mission station, in the schools, and the shops. For fifteen years Jesus was a carpenter. He worked with his hands and perhaps taught others to work with their hands. The native is not naturally industrious. He is very glad to hear about a gospel which will save him. He likes to come and be baptized, but he does not like to work with his hands. We must teach him. Fourteen years ago a native asked me to show him how to build a frame house. I did so, instructing him how to make joists and walls plumb. He built a permanent board house. It is his home, and he has lived in it ever since. The neighbors on the street have gradually been affected, and the old dismal huts have now entirely disappeared.

The most ambitious industrial work at present carried on in Congo is the Carson Industrial School of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission at Luebo on the Kasai River. The work was established through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Carson of Whiteville, N. C. It is under the direction of Mr. C. R. Stegall. The latter, in a paper read at the Bolenge General Conference, adduced as one of the reasons for the importance of indus-

trial training the fact that the new mining operations which are being commenced in various parts of the Congo, especially the Katangas and Kasai, are creating a need which will be filled in one way or another. Either the missionary must give the training under favorable Christian auspices, or the native will get it from the ungodly miner or commercial industrialist with all the evil attendant upon such a method.

Practically all the teaching at Luebo is done by graduates of the school. Carpentry is the most important trade taught. Thirty-two lessons for beginners have been prepared with appropriate blue-prints. These introduce the student to the principles of carpentry. The work done is not expected to have monetary value but teaches symmetry and precision. The metric system is used. By the middle of the second year the boys are making furniture of which they may be proud.

Masonry is next in importance. The boys are taught to work from blue-prints. They learn to lay off the house and run it up. They have already built a modern missionary residence. The material used was brick. It is ceiled throughout, has glass windows, and is screened. There is a bathroom with modern plumbing, an underground cistern holding 10,000 gallons, and a sewerage system connected with a cesspool.

Shoemaking is one of the trades taught at Luebo. There is a large amount of repair work. All soles are sewed instead of being nailed. Leather is prepared on the premises, and the institution is able to make complete shoes. They use practically every available skin from monkey to elephant. Sheep, goat, and antelope are the more common, and tanned leather is shipped to America.

Experiments have been made in broom-making. This, however, will never become a large industry. It is very

simple, and the cost of the equipment is very little. American broom-corn seed was secured and did very well. The broom handles are made of light bamboo, and the finished product is equal to the American broom. It may be used as an industry for the blind.

Tile-making naturally followed brick-making, which has been carried on for years. There is a ready sale for tile, and there is no reason why this industry should not be broadly introduced. The native church at Luebo bought a tile-machine for itself to be used in making tile for the church and the pastor's house.

Both the Education Commission and the New York Congo Conference felt that in the conduct of industrial education large stress should be laid upon agriculture. The latter made the following statement in its findings:

> It is felt that further development of industrial operations should begin at an early date, and that agriculture should be recognized as the basis for industrial training.

Much has already been done in this line, since from the beginning of mission work in the Congo it was necessary for the missionary to superintend the making of gardens for the purpose of raising the food needed upon the mission station. Hitherto this work has been in the hands of missionaries whose special training has been in other directions, but it is now felt that men should be sent to the field whose special training will fit them to introduce modern scientific methods of agriculture. The American Presbyterian Congo Mission, which already has an infant agricultural school two miles from Luebo, is seeking such men. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, which is projecting similar work at two points, has a graduate of an American agricultural school under appointment. How greatly needed such work is may be

emphasized by the fact that a lack of intelligent planting produced during the past year in the Kasai district a famine of cassava, which is the principal food substance in the African diet.

It is clear that the Congo missionary body as a whole has thoroughly taken to heart the counsel of the Africa Education Commission that education be adapted to the needs and conditions of the country. A further recommendation of the Commission which has met with a hearty response, was that the various societies cooperate in the matter of higher education. Acting upon this suggestion the General Conference passed the following resolution:

> That we establish at an early date union higher schools, suggesting the following as possible locations, one in the equatorial section, one in the Higher Congo, one in the Kasai; and the strengthening of the already established school at Kimpese for the lower Congo.

In this connection it may be well to give some description of the Kongo Evangelical Training Institute, inasmuch as it is now proposed to develop it still further as a union school for lower Congo.

This school is the first important effort in the direction of union educational work which has been made in Congo. It is conducted jointly by the Baptist Missionary Society of England, the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Its staff consists of five members: Rev. Seymour E. Moon, principal, Mrs. S. E. Moon, Rev. W. D. Reynolds, Mrs. W. D. Reynolds, and Dr. Catherine Mabie. Its aim, as indicated by its name, has been hitherto the training of Christian workers for the service of the missions associated in the enterprise. It is ad-

mirably located on the railroad between Matadi and Thysville, and is easily accessible from all parts of lower Congo. Its equipment consists of chapel, classrooms, carpentry and smith shops, besides the residences of the missionaries. The school possesses about thirty hectares of land upon a grant from the Government with the possibility of securing some two hundred hectares in addition. The students, most of whom are married, are each provided with a residence capable of being made into a very comfortable home. These residences consist of small double brick houses, each containing two rooms. A separate cook-house accompanies each, and there are also individual sanitary arrangements and gardens. There are seventeen of these double houses providing accommodation for thirty-four families.

The Institute gives a three-year course as follows:

First Year:

Gospel of Mark.
Introduction to Acts and General Epistles.
Old Testament History.
Genesis or Exodus.
Arithmetic.
Elementary Geography and History.
Writing and Composition.
French.
Practise Teaching.
Physiology.

Second Year:

Harmony of Life of Christ.
Historical Books of Old Testament and Major Prophets.
Sermon-making.

Sunday School Teaching.
Practical work.
Arithmetic.
Geography and History.
Writing and Composition.
French.
Physiology.

Third Year:

Life and Letters of Paul.
Psalms and Minor Prophets.
Review of Bible Teaching.
Arithmetic.
Commercial Geography.

Arithmetic, which is taught in all years, carries the pupil as far as decimals, with simple bookkeeping. Geography starts with the Congo, then takes in the whole of Africa and its relation to the entire world.

One of the interesting features of Kimpese is that it gives training to the whole family. The men students are in the regular classes conducted by the faculty. The women are organized into more elementary classes taught by Mrs. Moon and Doctor Mabie. The small children are in a primary school which is under the direction of Doctor Mabie. Here normal work is conducted, the teachers and preachers giving the instruction, and in the process learning the practical method of conducting a school. There is also an intermediate school, for house boys and those who are farther advanced than the primary, conducted in the same manner.

In addition to this, part of the midday rest period is devoted to a school for the workmen upon the place. They present such varying stages of ignorance that the

PRIMARY PRACTISE SCHOOL
Kimpese

PRIMARY PRACTISE SCHOOL
Kimpese

instruction has to be individual. The students gladly use part of their leisure period to teach them reading and writing. In this way practically every one upon the station is under instruction.

Doctor Mabie carries on a large dispensary practise in addition to the school work, and also gives special instruction in physiology, hygiene, and sanitation.

About a year ago a new plan of student support was adopted at Kimpese. It was decided that all families should raise their own food on garden plots allotted to them, and earn their own clothing, books, and incidental expenses through work in carpentry, brick-making and laying, and other industrial work provided by the institution. The daily program has been so adjusted as to enable the students to find sufficient time for this large measure of self-support, and the plan is already proving its wisdom by the success with which it is working.

The recommendation of the General Conference would involve the receiving at Kimpese of a much greater number of students, many of whom would be far younger than the average of the present student body. The curriculum would be extended so as gradually to approach a secondary school course with special development of industrial lines. All this should be done, however, without disturbing the present arrangements for the training of Christian workers.

The present organization of the Institution is very well adapted to this end and would, at least at first, need but slight modification. Shops, yards, kilns, and agricultural facilities are all at hand to make a beginning in specific industrial training, and money is already provided for a new building which, when it is erected, will give larger teaching accommodations. The faculty is keenly interested in the possibilities which may grow

from the proposal, and it is believed that in this suggestion the first substantial step has been taken in the direction of such thorough-going educational preparation as will ensure a supply of adequately trained leaders in every branch of service in the days to come.

VII

RIVAL PRACTITIONERS

"'Listen,' she said. 'At the time for planting peanuts my brother was shot. Shot in the leg. All the flesh was eaten. The bone was in many pieces. We kept him many days in the town, but the leg would not heal. The devil was in him. Then one day we took him to this woman doctor. She said his leg must be cut off. He said he would die with two legs and not with one only. So the white woman washed the leg with many washings and cut it with many cuttings and sewed and tied it with many tyings. I speak truth. I saw it with my own eyes. Listen. The dry season has come. The peanuts are dry. These many months my brother has lain in the house for sick ones. The white woman doctor has tended his leg with her own hands, and now he walks. With a stick? Yes, with a stick, but on his two legs.'"
—Dr. Catherine L. Mabie, in "The Cross in Congoland."

RIVAL PRACTITIONERS

Almost every missionary in the Congo knew something of medicine in the early days and was likely at one time or another to have the care of the sick thrust upon him. It was perfectly natural that this should be the case. The ignorance of the African native regarding the simplest facts of physiology and hygiene, together with the appalling system of malpractise grown up through the centuries through superstition and the greed of the witch-doctor, caused the most elementary knowledge of medicine or surgery possessed by the white missionary to seem to the native like brilliant white magic, and there were attributed to him whether justly or otherwise powers of healing of a very substantial character.

As a matter of fact, the average intelligent white man has a very considerable body of medical knowledge at his command were he but to realize it. The days when the secrets of the medical profession were guarded under cabalistic signs and dead languages, is past, and today the profession is glad to share with the laity its knowledge of the laws of life and all that may be easily comprehended of the treatment of disease. The result is that many great principles of the maintenance of health and the combat of disease have now become the commonplaces of ordinary knowledge. Cleanliness of body inside and out, the avoidance of infection, hygienic measures as regards eating, sleeping, bathing, and exercise, the use of simple remedies

for the more common diseases—who fails to be armed today with such ordinary information? And yet one possessed of such knowledge is so far ahead of the common practise among savage tribes in Africa as to be rightly counted a healer of marvelously superior wisdom.

So much has been written of the practises of the witch-doctor that hardly anything need be added. His daily work may be summed up as the practise of the concreted principles of foully cruel superstition, criminal witchcraft, and a debased and loathsome animism.

And it must be borne in mind that in by far the greater portion of the Congo the witch-doctor is still regnant. We pile up our medical statistics, but important and gratifying as they are the witch-doctor could outclass us many times over had he the power of giving a numerical rendering of the pain and agony both mental and physical with which he is daily afflicting the poor superstitious Congolese. Do not believe for one moment that the witch-doctor is a thing of the past. In the very latest number of "The Congo Mission News" Rev. E. K. Alexander, of the Congo Balolo Mission, writes thus:

> An elderly woman attended the services at Bombasi in spite of the threat from her husband of bodily injury. One evening he met her returning from the service, caught her hand by the fingers, and wrenched the fingers until the web broke right down to the knuckles. Then, together with his relatives, he took her to the witch-doctor and forced her to drink the native poison. Fortunately she vomited and recovered.

Rev. R. D. Bedinger says in "Triumphs of the Gospel," "In one village seventeen men were given the poison cup to discover who had bewitched a man with sleeping sickness."

The witch-doctor's horrible medicine is compounded of finger-nails and hair and foul insects and noxious herbs. Anything filthy and horrible may be used in the nauseous mess, and he knows how to charge too. One native gave one hundred pieces of cloth and one hundred francs for a piece of medicine about as big as your fist. The old railroad principle, "all the traffic will bear," seems to be their fundamental basis for charges.

It was by the roadside in the lower Congo that I found a collection of old fetishes that had been thrown out by command of the prophet Kibangu. Among them was a little gourd with eyes fashioned in one end to give it the semblance of an animal. This was to hang around the neck for the preservation of the health, and cost a good round sum. There were also two large shells half-full of a limelike powder. The carriers with me knew them well and recognized them at once. It seems that the witch-doctor recognized fully that the hour of woman's sorrow is an hour which may be capitalized for his personal gain, and these latter are specially good medicine in case of childbirth. The pain and travail are not alone sufficient agony for the woman to bear, and so the witch-doctor has cast his evil spells over the whole experience and has gradually wrought a tradition which shall "greatly multiply her sorrows." The baby must not be born indoors, and so the birth becomes a public ceremony. It is important that threatened rain hold off, and so nature lends itself to the financial program of the practitioner. He provides this particular type of medicine which is rubbed on the abdomen of the patient, and by this means the storm is induced to go around some other way.

There are enough physical ailments in Congoland

without the witch-doctor troubling to manufacture new ones. There are two or three which are specially prevalent and deadly. The first is of course the sleeping sickness due to the microscopical parasite known as the trypanosome and conveyed by the tsetse fly. Then there are the various forms of malaria, particularly hematuric fever. The mosquito is responsible for dissemination of the scourge which produces this disease. Dysentery is perhaps next in order of importance, and rapidly following it come intestinal parasites, venereal disease, filaria, beriberi, leprosy, elephantiasis, and a score of other common ailments. Deep tropical ulcers are especially frequent. They are usually due to yaws, and may be easily disposed of if the patient can afford intravenous injections of one of the newer arsenic compounds.

Sickness has become so rife that the Government is profoundly disturbed at the threatened danger of depopulation. Doctor Broden, Director of the Brussels Tropical School of Medicine, says:

> Native labor is a real wealth; the Colony cannot dispense with it. But it is an error to believe that it is inexhaustible; that delicate human material must be handled with the utmost care, and everything possible done to better and increase the human stock.

In the midst of such conditions the services even of non-medical missionaries have been of inestimable benefit in treating disease, advising as to sanitary conditions in the villages, and cooperating with the Government in its effort to stay the progress of the prevailing sicknesses of the Colony. Many missionaries whose special work has been in other lines, have felt it worth while to secure such training as may be had without the expenditure of too great a period of

time. Not a few Congo missionaries have taken with great profit the course offered by the Livingstone Medical School of London, which is specially organized for the purpose of giving some knowledge of medicine to non-medical missionaries contemplating work in Africa. Any one who is likely to find himself placed in distant and isolated situations where the aid of a medical man will probably be unavailable, should by all means consider the advisability of spending some time at Livingstone College.

Colonial Minister Franck, of the Belgian Government, is now urging that all missionaries, whether medical or otherwise, take the course in the School of Tropical Medicine at Brussels, and even offers to arrange a course in French to assist such as are unfamiliar with this language to pursue their medical studies with benefit. It may be said in this connection that all the missionary societies now at work in Belgian Congo recognize the extreme importance of a knowledge of French upon the part of the missionary to the Congo and are taking measures to make possible a residence in Belgium or France for this purpose.

There is also a special course arranged by the Belgian Government at the Government hospital and laboratory in Leopoldville where any missionary may receive instruction in the diagnosis and treatment of sleeping sickness.

Not a few non-medical missionaries have conducted dispensaries regularly for years and have given treatments numbering in the thousands each year. Such a dispensary was conducted by Rev. and Mrs. P. Frederickson at Sona Bata and gave last year 12,877 treatments. Mrs. Frederickson had had the benefit of the course in Leopoldville. Mr. Frederickson has the dis-

tinction of being the oldest Protestant missionary in the Congo. He is seventy-four years of age and has been in active service for over forty years. Upon his return to America last year for furlough the Belgian Government awarded him the decoration of *Chevalier de l'Ordre du Lion* in recognition of his long and distinguished service.

The list of medical missionaries to the Congo is headed by Aaron Sims, M. D., D. P. H., who began his service in 1882. In a paper read at the General Conference held at Luebo in 1918 Dr. F. P. Lynch refers to him as follows:

> Doctor Sims, the Nestor of our service, was the first medical missionary to the Congo, and after the signal record of thirty-six years still maintains his distinguished association in service.

Secretary C. E. Wilson, of the Baptist Missionary Society, speaks of his work in the following appreciative terms:

> Doctor Sims, who is an Englishman and a bachelor, has been over thirty-five years in Congo in connection with the American mission. His early missionary life was spent in Leopoldville, and it was he who accompanied Grenfell in his first "Peace" voyages. He lives and works alone, having entire responsibility not only for the native services in Matadi, the supervision of his dispensary, mission work in the district, the receipt, clearance customs, and transport of all the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society's goods, but also the field treasurership, as well as the entertainment of arriving and departing missionaries of his Society. He has the reputation of being one of the most skilled physicians for tropical fevers. He is a very gifted linguist, and all acknowledge his ability.

Following in the footsteps of Doctor Sims is a long line of able and consecrated physicians, both men and women, whose contributions to the well-being and

LULANGA MISSION BOAT
Upper River

Christian civilization of the Congo are beyond all counting. They have braved the dangers of wilderness, climate, and hostile tribes, and have been foremost in opening new fields. They have comforted, strengthened, and healed their brother and sister missionaries, who without them would have found it impossible to carry on their work. They have combatted stedfastly the deadly endemic and epidemic scourges of the tropics, and in the course of their warfare have contributed much to our scientific knowledge of the nature and treatment of tropical disease. They have constantly held before the public the need for a conservation of native life, and have done much to bring about the more recent government measures favoring the health of the native. They have been the chief element in undermining the native's faith in the witch-doctor and superstition of ancient days. Lastly, but not least, they have brought healing and health to countless thousands of the diseased and distressed, illustrating by word and deed the teaching of the Great Physician in whose footsteps they tread.

The work of the medical missionary to the Congo may be divided into six main branches: the care of the health of the missionary body, the work in the dispensary, itineration or medical work in the villages of the district, public sanitation, hospital work, and the training of native assistants.

The care of the health of fellow missionaries is without doubt one of the most important tasks of the medical missionary. Many lives have been saved to the Congo by the assiduous care rendered by the physician to his brother missionaries. There is no work more trying to the soul nor richer in its rewards than standing by the bedside of one's fellows in the effort

to stay the ravages of disease. It is the ideal of most missionary societies at the present day to place medical aid within reach of every missionary. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has recently inaugurated the system of requiring each missionary to take a thorough physical examination at least once a year. These are given for the most part by the medical missionaries. By the early recognition of disease it is expected that life may be prolonged and the service of the missionary rendered more efficient.

The dispensary work occupies the major portion of the medical missionary's time. It is at times a painstaking and humdrum task. It must be carried on day in and day out the year round. The common illnesses of life wait for no man, and the dispensary door is besieged by a multitude such as looked with longing eyes to the Master at Capernaum. The dispensary gates are like the porches at Bethesda, and as the physician serves hour after hour in the consulting- and dressing-rooms, verily virtue goes out of him.

There is always a multitude of commonplace ailments represented in the group at the dispensary door: malaria, worms, indigestion, conjunctivitis, dysentery, infections, wounds, ulcers, etc. These are easily disposed of. Indeed, it is possible to train a native assistant to handle most of them, and all dispensaries have workers who are fully capable of doing the routine dressing required by a great many cases.

Another class of cases now coming into great prominence in Congo dispensary practise consists of sleeping sickness, yaws, and syphilis, where the treatment calls for intravenous injection of one of the more recent arsenic preparations or tartar emetic. These must be given with great care. Surgical asepsis is necessary,

and while much aid in preparation may be rendered by the assistant, for the most part these cases are attended to by the physician himself. Regular days are usually set aside for them. A considerable number are cared for at the same time, and by careful organization of the work of preparation a good many may be disposed of in a very short space of time.

Besides these cases, there will be those requiring much more extended examination, with use perhaps of laboratory and microscope. These are the time-consuming cases, and many of them will require repeated examinations, so that it is desirable to keep them under observation for a time.

From the morning's clinic there will usually be some requiring hospital treatment—severe cases of dysentery, pneumonia, appendicitis, operative cases of all descriptions—and it is in such cases that the trained nurse proves well-nigh indispensable. Only comparatively recently has it become usual to send trained nurses to the Congo. There is no question, however, but that their sphere of usefulness is just as broad as that of the physician. It should be a settled principle that no doctor be placed upon the foreign field without the aid of a trained nurse. In many cases the nurse has not only proved herself competent to care for the ordinary duties falling to her lot, but the entire burden of the dispensary work will be thrown upon her owing to the absence of the doctor. Miss A. Hagstrom has been caring most efficiently for the medical work at Ntondo during the absence of Doctor Ostrom on furlough this past year.

Itineration, or medical work throughout the district, is a very valuable form of the medical missionary's service; at the same time it gives what is sometimes a

welcome relief from the grinding routine of the daily task upon the station. During these tours the medical man sees a vast number of interesting cases. It is both agreeable and profitable to make them in company with the missionary whose special charge is the evangelistic work of the district. This method quickens the physician's realization of the intimate relationship between the work of rendering physical aid and giving spiritual instruction. It enables him to take an active part in the work of evangelization. He is able to diagnose and place in the way of treatment such sleeping-sickness cases as are found. He discovers many serious cases in need of hospital treatment and arranges to have them brought to the station for this purpose.

The work of public sanitation is of growing importance among the duties assumed by the medical man. Government recognition of the need for colony-wide action against certain of the maladies which afflict the Congo native has led to a new realization of the value of the work of the medical missionary in this respect. Several of the Protestant medical men have been asked by the Government to assume responsibility for the areas in which their work is located as respects medical and sanitary measures. Dr. E. C. Girling, of the Baptist Missionary Society at Bolobo, is thus acting, and in addition to his own extensive dispensary and hospital practise is in official relationship to the Belgian Government as its medical officer.

The physician can give valuable counsel as regards choice of site for a station, the arrangement of buildings upon the compound, the disposal of sewage, and other items having to do with the general health of the station. In the itinerating tours already men-

tioned he is able to counsel with chiefs and leaders in respect to the physical condition and surroundings of the villages visited.

Hospital work has somewhat lagged in the Congo field, probably owing to the primitive conditions under which the work is necessarily done. Dr. F. P. Lynch gives the following account of the earliest hospital work done:

> The pioneer period has been gradually superseded by a distinct advance in some sections of Congo. The first substantial hospital for the Congolese was located at Mukimvika on simple yet ample lines of construction, with a large central room, well-lighted and airy, for general use as a dispensary and for operations and surgical dressings. Two wards are in direct connection, each one having the normal capacity of twenty beds, which are made of pitch pine, six feet by three, varnished and provided with a native mat and blankets. San Salvador followed with larger equipment, more buildings, and the important addition of a trained nurse to the staff. Bolobo has expanded on larger lines of equipment and efficiency.

Considerable advance has been made since the date of Doctor Lynch's paper. A fine hospital was erected by the American Presbyterian Congo Mission at Luebo. This was their only hospital after thirty years in the field, although funds were in hand for a small hospital at Mutoto. A very great misfortune has overtaken the mission in the total destruction of the Luebo hospital by fire. One of the hospital assistants, while transferring some gasoline, happened to spill a little on the cement floor. Being curious to know whether gasoline on cement would burn, he struck a match, with the result that the entire building was lost, as well as all the drugs and the electric-light plant and fixtures. This illustrates another of the handicaps under which the Congo missionary works: the un-

familiarity of native assistants with some of the most elementary facts of civilized life.

The Disciples of Christ Congo Mission has a good hospital building at Bolenge, but it is to be replaced by another on a more favorable site. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has funds in hand for the erection of four hospitals. Material for these is now being gathered, and work has already been begun.

The statistics for the year 1920 show a total of twenty-three hospitals for the Congo field. The total number of in-patients for the same year was 4,440, dispensary treatments 408,362. It should be stated, however, that a good many of the hospitals here reported are of a very provisional and inadequate nature.

One such hospital which I visited consisted of a wooden building having a single room and a brick floor. The patients sleep on wooden beds, which are actually low tables with rims around them. Bunches of leaves were placed around them to soften the couch. No bedding or blankets were provided, each patient furnishing his own covers. At the time the cases in the hospital included a panhysterectomy, a case of amputation of the scrotum for elephantiasis, and a hernia. All were convalescent, presented good scars and the wounds had healed by first intention. There was every indication of first-class surgical work notwithstanding the extremely unfavorable surroundings.

These conditions are temporary and are being rapidly remedied. Not only are the individual societies making plans for modern, properly equipped hospitals, but plans are on foot for union effort in this direction. At the Bolenge Conference the medical committee gave extended consideration to this subject

and brought in a resolution which was adopted as the action of the Conference:

> It is the conviction of this Conference that the Home Boards should be urged to establish as soon as possible a Union Hospital at Stanley Pool, with a view to furnishing expert medical and surgical service both for missionaries and natives; that a medical school and a nurses' training-school be developed in connection with it, and facilities be provided for short courses of instruction for non-medical missionaries, and internships for newly appointed medical missionaries.

Plans are also being made by the Government to enlarge considerably its present hospital provision for natives. A five-hundred-bed hospital will be built at Elizabethville, and probably another at Kinshasa. It is also proposed to place upon the main river a thoroughly equipped hospital boat such as has already been successfully used upon the Nile.

The training of the native in the care of the sick has received a good deal of attention from the medical missionaries.

The training given has been that of a dispensary assistant rather than a nurse. Doctor King, of Banza Manteke, has trained a young man to handle all the more ordinary cases, and has furnished him with a supply of drugs and sent him to visit outlying sections where he himself is seldom able to go.

Dr. W. A. Frymire, of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, has had considerable success with an even more elaborate plan of training. He states that Congo young men can be readily trained to care for ordinary dispensary cases, to do surgical dressings, to carry out laboratory examinations, make microscopical diagnosis, and relieve the overburdened physician in a variety of other ways. He has established a school in

connection with his dispensary and hospital work, and has a number of men under training.

The medical missionaries of the General Conference expressed very great interest in the possibility of combatting sleeping sickness in a more effective way than has yet been done. The curative treatment when administered early in the disease is very effective, and a large proportion of cases may be entirely cured. But little has been accomplished, however, toward the elimination of the disease, and in certain sections it is still on the increase. Its ravages have been very great in the past, and at some points the population has been greatly reduced. The Government is making an earnest study of the disease both in its laboratory and sleeping-sickness hospital at Leopoldville, and also through a mission at work on the problem on the Kwilu and Kasai. It is manifest, however, that not sufficient is known of the disease to point out effective prophylactic measures or to indicate the lines which a campaign for its elimination should take. The medical missionaries are prepared to cooperate with the Government in further research work and in any vigorous measures which it may be deemed wise to use in its combat.

VIII

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AND CONGO'S BITTER CRY

"The Congo is more conclusively than ever the way to the heart of Africa, and I pray that Christ's messengers may speedily recognize it, and in no stinted measure take advantage of it. . .

"Folk at home are talking about the 'cost,' and 'missions a failure.' Some of us missionaries are failures—that can't be gainsaid. But still I maintain that if missions are a failure then is Christ's death a failure, and woe is me."—*George Grenfell.*

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AND CONGO'S BITTER CRY

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN CONGO

Instructions to delegates:

Each delegates should bring to the Conference the following items:

Bed, bedding, mosquito-net
Chair
Wash-basin, pitcher (jug), mirror, toilet articles
Candle-holder and candles, matches
Water-bottle and glass or cup
Dust-cloths
Tub, pail, clothes-line, charcoal iron, soap
Lantern
Leggings or mosquito-boots
Rain-protection articles.

Label all articles with your name to avoid confusion.

We repeat a most hearty invitation to attend.

The General Conference of Protestant Missionaries in Congo met at Bolenge, October 29 to November 7, 1921. They were guests of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission. It was the largest missionary conference so far held in the Congo, 103 delegates being present.

To a visitor from America, accustomed to the details of American conferences, all very much alike, many of the features of the Bolenge Conference were novel and interesting in the extreme. The chairman of the Con-

ference was Rev. Joseph Clark, of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. He was also the member of the Conference who had served longest as a missionary in Africa. Mr. Clark first came to the field forty-one years ago and still preserves not only health and vigor but that impression of youth which is the reflex of a broad sympathy and a kindly spirit. In place of an elaborate presidential speech he chose rather to offer prayer and set the Conference in tune with the Master from its earliest hour.

The physical setting of the Conference was very attractive. It was held in the large brick church in the middle of the compound, a commodious and airy building well suited to the purpose. It was an armchair conference, which does not indicate that its members exhibited either sloth or indolence; on the contrary the Conference worked its way through a great deal of business very ably and expeditiously. There was an armchair, however, for everybody. Both this and other features of the Conference illustrated admirably the work of missions. The chairs were of wicker, made in many shapes and patterns, and represented the work of the industrial department of the Congo Balolo Mission at Ikau. The delegates had the privilege of purchasing the chairs at the close of the Conference if desired. At the evening sessions every member brought a lantern to the meeting and deposited it by the door or beside his chair. Old campaigners are not to be caught napping, and a light would be very useful in the event that a leopard or snake were encountered upon one of the walks of the compound. After the opening of the Conference Doctor Barger, who was chairman of the Arrangements Committee, announced the nature and quality of the water-supply. The hos-

pital sterilizer had been pressed into service. A large tank had been thoroughly sterilized and was kept filled from the containers of the sterilizer. The water, after being filtered and boiled, was poured into the tank at 230 degrees. He gave also an assurance that so far as human prescience could foresee, the salads to be used might be considered free from the ova of intestinal parasites. He then gave a word of warning as to malaria, stating that wild animals known as the anopheles had recently been seen in the neighborhood, and urged the use of the mosquito-boot as a protection against them. For those ignorant of the nature of the latter it may be stated that they are a refined form of the boots worn by swashbuckling men-at-arms some hundreds of years ago, sans spurs, and are designed to protect the lower part of the nether extremities from the marauding attack of the mosquito. Red badges were worn by all members of the entertaining mission (the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission). It was explained that this was on the principle of the red caps at railway termini. If you have need of anything from a match to a tin bath, all you have to do is to ask the red badge, and the whole force of the mission will be harnessed to your will.

Other items of the arrangements were eloquent of the great task for which the missions exist. The fresh sawdust upon the floor of the church spoke of the saw-mill in the industrial department of the station. The very bricks with which the church was built were dug out of adjacent clay-pits, fashioned by native hands and burned in the kilns upon the station, the whole process being part of the educational system whereby the mission is giving the full message of the

Master to the Congo people. The neat little hymn-book, prepared and printed especially for Conference use, was the product of the mission press at Bongandanga.

Most of the food used at the Conference came from native gardens. Its choiceness, abundance, and variety were frequently remarked upon. There were fowls, ducks, goats, lamb, pig, and fish—native-raised, all of them. There were sweet potatoes, potatoes, manioc leaves, cabbage, beans, okra, squash, carrots, radishes, fipsin (a native product similar to celery), lettuce, tomatoes, bananas, plantains, mangoes, onions, pay-pay, limes, oranges, grapefruit, avocado pears, *nsafu,* palm-nuts, guava, and peanuts, all the products of native gardens. To the missionaries who knew the arduous process by which many of these fruits and vegetables had been introduced, the whole menu was reminiscent of agricultural missionary education.

There were other features of unusual missionary interest. The mission steamers, Grenfell, Oregon, and Lapsley, tied up at the river bank, upon which many of the delegates had come, call to mind whole chapters of missionary history. One of the delegates brought by the Lapsley had been on the way two months and a half. This was Rev. E. I. Everett, of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (North), from the far-off Katangas region.

The Conference worked steadily from 6.15 a. m., with intervals for meals, until about 4.30 in the afternoon, when there was an hour given to recreation before the evening meal. It was good to see the intense missionaries relax the strain of their ordinary routine to join in a lively game of volley-ball. This was one of the features of the Conference, and to men

CHRISTIAN WOMEN SELLING PRODUCE

who had been isolated from their fellows for months and years, the opportunity of joining in such a game meant a taste of fellowship rare to them and correspondingly precious.

Great questions were raised in the Conference sessions. Little or no time was wasted in desultory and aimless discussion. The Conference was remarkable for the manner in which it kept to the point at issue and attended to business. Consequently real advance was achieved. Another very gratifying feature was the unity of opinion which prevailed. It was not the unity of careless indifference which cares too little for the issue to express a varying opinion. Strong views were presented, but the Conference was dealing with very practical questions. Each missionary had gained experience with the subjects in hand, upon his own field and in his own way, and it was discovered, as views were exchanged and notes compared, that the different members, no matter how widely separated their fields, were very close together in sentiment.

The Conference had the advantage of the findings of the Congo Conference held in New York City the previous January as well as those of the London Conference of April 15 for its guidance. Each subject was presented in a well-thought-out paper, and after free discussion the matter in hand was committed to a Committee on Findings, practically identical in personnel with the Continuation Committee of the General Conference, for the purpose of formulating the views of the Conference as brought out in the papers and discussions.

The Conference dealt with a great variety of subjects. It would be impossible here to detail every action taken, nor is it needful, especially as reference

has already been made in previous pages to many of the subjects under discussion. The principal points of which mention should here be made are as follows:

The Literature Committee had some very interesting and important questions with which to grapple. Both the New York and London Conferences had expressed an earnest desire that the General Conference should take steps toward the systematic development of a literature such as is needed in the work of the various missions. It was hoped that much of this literature could be cooperatively prepared and produced, thus covering the field more promptly and making all material of a suitable character available for all.

In order to gain information as to the actual situation in respect to the literature now available in Congo languages, the Committee undertook a survey of the field. Copies of a large number of books now in existence were brought together in an exhibit at the Conference, and proved of interest to all. When the survey was as complete as it was possible to make it, however, it was discovered that the list was pitifully small, and there were serious shortages in respect to books constantly found necessary by missionaries in the course of the work.

In order that some sort of a conclusion should be reached as to the description and variety of books which any given mission would require to carry on its work, it was decided to prepare an ideal list of books which might be considered essential to the adequate prosecution of evangelistic and educational work among any Congo people. It was recognized that the work of the various missions among the numerous African tribes has so many characteristics which are common to all that a list suited to one work would

come very close to being suitable for all. The Committee, after very careful consideration, compiled the following list of books which ought to be made available for all Congo tribes. It is taken for granted, of course, that the Bible and hymn-book are needed by all.

First Reader (Between Primer and Scriptures)
Commercial Geography
Arithmetic (Using French and figures)
Tropical Hygiene
Physiology
Agriculture
African History
Church History
Belgian History and Heroes
Native Grammar (Vernacular)
Technical books on industries practicable in Africa
Blue-prints of Industrial Drawings
Music Book (Tonic-Sol-Fa System)
"Pilgrim's Progress"
"Æsop's Fables"
Native Stories
Biographical Sketches of African Christians
Elementary Civics, Belgian Congo
Manual for New Missionaries
Boy Scout Guides
Physical Exercise, Drills, and Games
School Management.

Having prepared a list of books considered desirable for use in the work of the various missions, it was decided that the work of producing them should be suitably allocated so as to avoid waste labor through overlapping. It was recommended that all manu-

scripts be prepared in English or French, and that all suitable books should be printed bilingually, French on the one page and the native language opposite to it. Books may thus be produced in large quantities, the same French plates sufficing for all, each mission adding upon the blank pages a translation of the text into the language in use by it. Where several missions are using the same language they will cooperate in producing a joint edition of the book in question.

A discussion of cooperative measures followed upon the reading of an excellent paper upon the " Growth of Missionary Cooperation," by Rev. H. Ross Phillips, the Field Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. Besides the Kongo Evangelical Training Institute, a very important piece of cooperative work has been entered into in the plan for the establishment of a joint missionary hostel at Kinshasa. For many years the need for a suitable place for the accommodation of missionaries passing through Kinshasa has been keenly felt. This city has grown steadily in importance. It is not only the practical terminus of the railway line from Matadi, but also the point of transshipment for all goods going to points on the upper river or on the Kasai. All missionaries except those located in lower Congo find it necessary to remain at Kinshasa for periods varying from a day to one or more weeks. The hotels in the city are not only expensive but are unsuitable in other ways for the accommodation of the missionaries. The plan was therefore conceived of erecting a missionary home where those passing through Kinshasa may receive lodging and entertainment of a suitable character. The plan at once met with the approval of the societies more particularly interested. Articles of agreement

have been signed, and building operations are about to commence.

The societies included in the enterprise are the American Presbyterian Congo Mission, the Baptist Missionary Society of England, the Congo Balolo Mission, the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission (South), and the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Each society contributes an equal sum to the expense of erecting the buildings. The Baptist Missionary Society has very generously placed at the disposition of the Board of Trustees for a nominal rental a piece of land forming part of their own mission compound at Kinshasa, which will serve as an admirable site for the proposed buildings. Mr. H. M. Whiteside, of the Congo Balolo Mission, who has had many years of experience in the construction of buildings in the Congo, has undertaken the erection of the plant. It is understood that the hostel will gladly welcome as its guests on appropriate terms not only the missionaries of the societies projecting the enterprise but also missionaries of all societies who may be passing through Kinshasa. The title chosen for the institution is Union Mission House. Rev. H. Ross Phillips, of the Baptist Mission Society, is the chairman of the Board of Trustees and Rev. Emory Ross, of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, the Secretary-treasurer. British and American missions join in the project.

As an outgrowth of the discussions held in connection with Mr. Phillips' paper on missionary cooperation, it was felt that a hostel similar to the one now to be erected at Kinshasa was sorely needed at Matadi, and recommendation was made by the Conference that the Board of Trustees of the Kinshasa hostel prepare plans

for a hostel at Matadi and submit them to the missions concerned.

Another matter under this heading which was discussed with great interest, was the situation at Stanley Pool as respects the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of both the white and black population. Resolutions were adopted

supporting the proposition that in addition to the proposed Union Hostel at Kinshasa there should be at suitable locations an effort to offer a counter-attraction to the drinking-saloons by means of temperance refreshments, educational lectures, concerts, reading-rooms, quiet rooms, and games.

That, although on account of the great expense it seems scarcely practicable to begin such work among the white population, it is strongly urged that it should be begun at once among the native population.

That the Congo Continuation Committee be authorized to ascertain with the least possible delay the attitude of other Societies in joining with the Baptist Missionary Society and the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in such an intermission movement because of the heterogeneous and intermission character of the population at the Pool.

The actions of the Conference in respect to the further development of educational and medical plans have been spoken of fully in the chapters dealing with those phases of the work. Another subject, however, which aroused very great interest was the matter of State adoption of official languages for the Congo.

It is of course apparent that French is the language of most importance from an official standpoint. Being the language of the governing country, it is in use by all government officials. The dominant commercial interests, whether Belgian or not, have found it wise to employ French-speaking workers or to encourage their employees to acquire the language. A fair proportion

CHAIR AND SCEPTER
of Bakongo Chief

of the present missionary staff speaks French, but the matter has assumed such importance that the societies are insisting that all new missionaries become familiar with the language.

It is manifest, however, that only a very small proportion of the native population will ever learn to speak French. The language is totally alien to their own speech, and their state of culture is not such as to lead one to expect very many of them to attain a European tongue.

The difficulty lies in the large number of tribes and the diversity of languages spoken by the Congolese peoples. Though for the most part Bantu in origin, these languages differ very greatly in vocabulary and somewhat in construction. Mr. W. J. W. Roome, whose opportunities for the study of the subject have been unusual, states that there are in the whole of Africa about 3,000 tribes. These are main divisions only. In Equatorial Africa there are not less than 2,500 tribes. One hundred and fifty-three have already been located in Congo, and there may be as many as 150 more; certainly not less than 200 in all. The diversity of linguistic elements, therefore, is very great, and not only the missions but the State has felt the very great need of a *lingua franca* which should serve as a means of intertribal communication and should also enable the outsider to communicate with the various peoples without the necessity of acquiring the language of each.

As a matter of fact, there are now in existence several languages which partake of the characteristics of a *lingua franca,* any of which might be so developed as to serve an area of fair size. The question at issue is which of these languages should be used.

Kiswahili, which is a Congo variation of the Bantu tongue known as Swahili, is used very broadly as a common language throughout South and Central Africa. It is in very common use throughout the eastern part of Congo extending from Elizabethville to Stanley Falls. It has the advantage of a very broad literature already in existence which has been created by the older missions working in south and east Central Africa.

Lingala is based upon the Bangala tongue of upper Congo and is already the common river parlance from Stanleyville to Kinshasa. There are actually four types of this language in use. It is said to be quite poverty-stricken in vocabulary, and one word or expression frequently has to do duty to convey many different meanings. It is claimed by those who advocate the use of this language as a *lingua franca* for the Congo, that joint effort upon the part of the missionaries would soon develop a fairly rich and flexible tongue.

Bula Matadi is merely a corruption of the Kikongo language of lower Congo. While it is commonly spoken along the railway from Matadi to Kinshasa, it is not seriously proposed as a common language. A corruption of Baluba is similarly used on the Kasai.

The final action taken by the Conference was

> That the Continuation Committee, augmented by such representatives as shall be chosen by the various missions, make a thorough study of the subject and if possible recommend to the Government the adoption of one *lingua franca* for the entire Colony.

A somewhat detailed description of this Conference and its actions has been given inasmuch as it sums up the present status of evangelical mission work in the Congo, especially of the advance in the direction

of cooperation. Rev. Emory Ross writes, "It was a Conference that will be quoted and referred to many a time in the years to come in Congo."

Effort has been made in the previous pages to present, albeit in very fragmentary and incomplete fashion, a picture of little Belgium's great Colony and the remarkable work for God which is being carried on among the belated peoples of the Colony and adjacent areas. Perhaps sufficient has been said to indicate the appalling darkness which still exists, the very great need of the people, physical, mental, and spiritual, the marvelous response which is met upon every side, and the hope which lies in the future that Congo may yet become Christian in very deed, as Uganda is Christian and as many another dark and terrible area of the world's surface has been enlightened, sweetened, blessed, and uplifted by the earnest service of God's children.

There remains to present America's obligation to continue the work begun with such heroism and determination. Congo still has need of every blessing which America can supply. We have had vast experience in dealing with the colored race, men and women of the very same type as the Congolese since their progenitors were identical, and with all America's woful mistakes and follies in dealing with the black man, still some progress has been made in helping him toward God and the light. America has vast stores of wisdom in the knowledge of the secrets of modern medicine, agriculture, industry, and education. Congo has need of all of these. There are capacities latent in its sons and daughters which only wait the brotherly and fostering care of America's wisdom to cause them to bud and blossom. America has material posses-

sions undiminished by the world's war. Congo has need only of that initial aid in material things which will enable her to help herself. America's wealth, or a very little of it, may well be used to set Congo on the highway of higher development. America has resources in manhood and womanhood, clean and fair, well born and well grown, untrammeled by untold ages of debauching and degenerating superstition. Congo's manhood and womanhood are only now beginning to shake themselves free from the shackles of cannibalism, slavery, witchcraft, and polygamy. Surely Congo's little blind children groping in the dark for better things are entitled to the strong handclasp of America's vigorous and cultured young men and young women.

The present is the time of all times to help Belgium in caring for the Congo. She is trying to help herself. King Albert has had Congo upon his heart ever since his memorable visit to the Colony ten years or more ago. He was then Prince Albert. His uncle, King Leopold, perhaps for obvious reasons, was not especially anxious for him to take the journey to the great Colony. But the Prince decided to see the country for himself and to see it thoroughly. The journey in itself was fascinating and bound to prove full of interest. The Prince gave such time as was necessary, and whatever a prince may be expected to see both of surface and subsurface conditions, Albert saw. It may be suspected, indeed, that he saw considerably more than some princely eyes might have discerned in the situation, and during the leisure of the homeward journey it is not improbable that he soliloquized thus within his princely soul, "Perhaps I am coming to the kingdom for such a time and such a task as this."

The interim of the terrible war during which all but a fragment of little Belgium lay under the iron heel of the invader did not wholly put a stop to the development of Albert's plans for the advancement of the great Colony, and when the King of the Belgians came into his own again they were taken up with renewed interest.

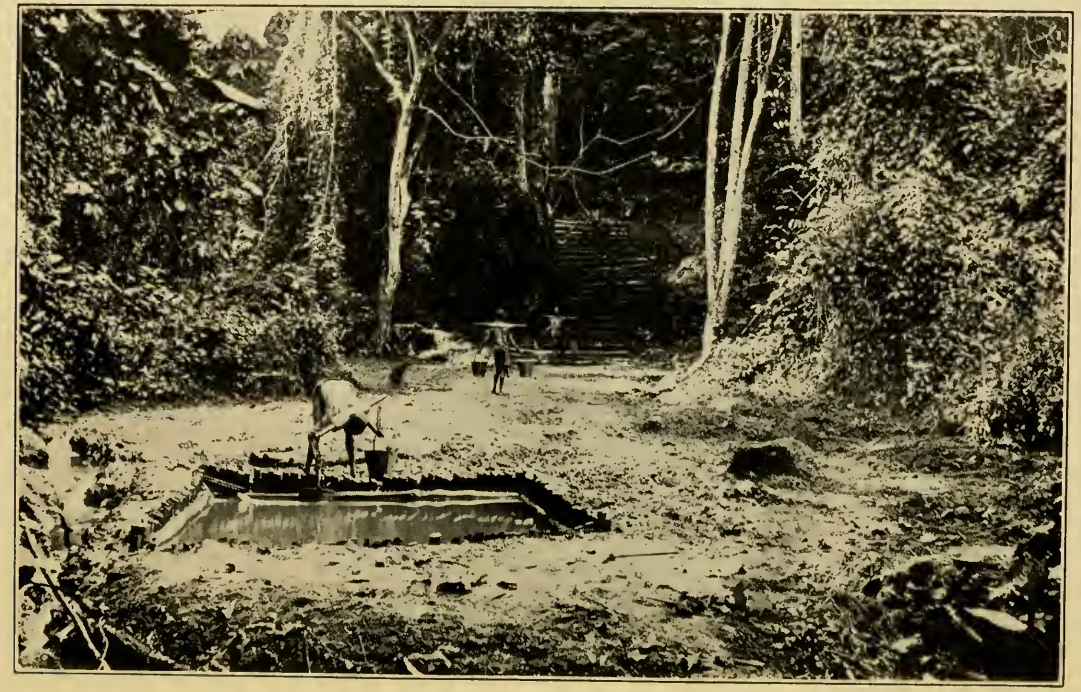
The First National Belgian Colonial Congress was held in the Senate Rooms in Brussels, December 18 to 20, 1920. At the opening of the Congress, King Albert declared:

> The Belgian nation herself is now empowered with complete sovereignty on the Congo, and assumes before the whole world the responsibility for the development of the Colony. Colonization is one of the highest functions of societies arrived at an advanced stage of civilization. But there are no functions without duties, and the first of all is the mission of the motherland to emancipate the primitive races. One can not deny that those races were often sacrificed at the beginning of modern civilization. Those then at the center had exclusively in view their own selfish interest. For the honor of humanity I am glad to state that the progress of moral and political ideas, and a truer apprehension of the interests of both parties concerned, have modified the theory and the practical methods of civilization.

Congo bulks large in the thinking of the Belgians. Well may it be so. It is more than eighty times as large, in point of territory, as the mother country. It stands for glamor and romance and tropical foliage. It spells adventure and novelty and possible riches. And with all there is the underlying fear which compels respect. Under King Albert some of the best of Belgium's sons are giving themselves to the development of the Colony. The *Compagnie Belge Maritime du Congo* is building up a foreign passenger service. Two well-built, modern steamers, the Albertville and

the Anversville, are in commission. The first was built at Glasgow. But national sentiment led to the building of the second at Hoboken, Belgium. It is modeled upon the original Scotch vessel. A third, the Elizabethville, will be launched shortly. Formerly all the officers and a large part of the crew were British or Scotch, but Belgian officers have now been trained for all the places except in the engineering department. King Albert is a good Catholic and did not fail with Queen Elizabeth to attend mass while on his journey; but that he is not unappreciative of the evangelical standpoint is manifested by the cordial respect in which he holds Protestant missions and the efforts he is putting forth to give them every opportunity to carry on their work. He is of course especially interested in those phases of the work which have to do with the social and industrial development of the natives. Two members of Protestant missions, Rev. H. Ross Phillips, representing the English societies, and Rev. H. F. Hensey, representing the American societies, serve upon the important government Commission for the Protection of the Natives. This Commission, at the request of the Government, has recently made a careful study of the reasons for the serious reduction in the population and has recommended important and radical measures to remove the causes.

The appointment of the present Colonial Minister, M. Louis Franck, is an indication of the King's earnest desire to give his sentiments as expressed in the passage quoted concrete fulfilment. M. Franck is a broad-minded and enlightened thinker. He keeps abreast of the best movement in modern colonial administration, and much may be expected from his leadership. At the National Colonial Congress M.



SPRING AT COFFEE PLANTATION

Franck followed the King's address with the following statement:

> Belgium has in Africa heavy responsibilities and she must accept them. In the Congo we want not so much laws and regulations as *men* of the highest type. Each man we send there is entrusted with a mission.

He called especially for new state doctors who will enter their task not as a profession, but as an honor and a mission.

The appointment of the new Governor General, M. Maurice Lippens, is in entire accord with this viewpoint. M. Lippens was a prominent lawyer of Ghent. He has a perfect command of English, is a democrat and a student of progressive government in England and America. His metal was shown in his administration of the Province of Flanders as Governor. Here he succeeded in persuading both clerical and social parties to join in progressive measures, and so impressed King Albert with his ability along this line that the latter practically insisted that he should undertake the more important task of governing the nation's great colony. Three times Governor Lippens refused the honor, and finally accepted only upon condition that he should have a free hand in making such reforms as the situation seemed to demand.

Governor Lippens showed his practical wisdom by entering his new domain by the back door. Making the long journey northward from the Cape by the Cape to Cairo Railroad, he entered Congo Belge at Elizabethville, and made a leisurely survey of the whole field, reaching the administrative seat, Boma, at the mouth of the Congo, only after having familiarized himself with conditions throughout the entire

territory. The writer had the good fortune of falling in with Governor Lippens while he was upon this journey. We had descended the Kwilu on our way to the Conference at Bolenge, Doctor and Mrs. Leslie and I, and had just arrived at Kwamouth, which is the junction with the main river. Here it was necessary for us to change boats and secure a vessel going up the river. No boat immediately appearing, we were forced to wait at Kwamouth upward of two days. We found, however, that the Governor's own boat, the Count de Brabant, was tied up at the dock; indeed we were made aware of it by a tall six feet two inches individual with a white-haired companion of distinguished appearance boarding our boat, the Bangui, immediately upon our arrival, and making inquiries for us. Surely nothing could be further from the frigid demeanor of the ordinary government dignitary. But this was the Governor, and this is his way. All up and down the river he had been dropping in unexpectedly upon people, discovering for himself the situation in its every-day appearance, striking terror into the hearts of evil-doers, and bringing no small comfort to those who hoped for the good of the Congo. He was kind enough to offer to entertain us aboard the Brabant while we were in Kwamouth, and we were glad to accept his hospitality to the extent of lunching and dining with him. Also he asked us to join his party in an elephant hunt the following morning, which I at least was glad to do. The opportunity of talking with the Governor unhurriedly upon the important problems of the Congo was one which we greatly prized, and we came away with hearts greatly lightened in the assurance that the new chief executive of the Colony might be relied upon to administer

justice with a stern hand, to hold his officials to a high standard of moral rectitude, and to support every effort for the help and uplift of the people.

It must be borne in mind that in Belgium the Catholic faith is overwhelmingly predominant. It is of comparatively recent date, therefore,. that the evangelical Christians of Belgium have gathered sufficient strength to attack the problem of evangelizing the Congo. Before the war they were giving consideration to the establishment of a mission as soon as circumstances permitted. Following the conquest of German East Africa the suzerainty of the newly conquered territory was for a time in dispute between Belgium and England, both of which had taken a substantial part in wresting the colony from the Germans. The question was finally settled both amicably and happily by England agreeing to Belgium being given a mandate over the rich provinces of Urundi and Ruanda. These lie immediately to the east of Congo Belge, skirting the shores of Lake Tanganyika. They are plentifully supplied with cattle and will do much to help in the solution of the problem of a food supply for the adjacent provinces of Congo Belge.

The call to the recently won fields has proved irresistible to Belgian Protestants, and they have accepted from the Belgian Government responsibility for the work formerly carried on in these territories by German Protestants.

Congo's cry of bitter need, however, had reached evangelical ears long before Belgian Protestants had gathered sufficient strength to enter the work. Stanley's work of exploration aroused both England and America to their obligation to listen to this cry, and together they joined in the task of carrying the mes-

sage of Christ to Africa's heart by way of the Congo's intricate channels.

That task is unfinished. Moreover, a new day has dawned in Congo. Belgium is showing a determination to bring the colony abreast of modern development in commerce and government. Belgium can provide able leaders in these departments, but Belgium cannot furnish men of simple faith, evangelical fervor, and Christian vision in sufficient numbers to create a substructure of moral integrity and spiritual insight capable of bearing the weight of modern development in other lines.

Before Belgium had assumed governmental responsibility for the great wild territory, even before the fertile imagination of King Leopold had been stirred with the acquisitive vision of Congo's possibilities, God had laid upon the hearts of evangelical Christians in England and America the responsibility for the spiritual tutelage of the children of the forests and the jungles. Four decades of service have been given, wresting from the midst of an almost unimaginable degradation a spiritual harvest which is the wonder of the Christian world; but a new danger confronts Congo, the danger that with the more rapid influx of civilized men and methods there shall be added to the vices native to the country the vices of civilization. The Christian churches of England and America should parallel every advance which Belgium makes in government and commerce with a forward step in evangelization.

Moreover, it should not be overlooked that great English and American commercial and industrial interests are sending wide-awake, vigorous young men into Congo Belge; the Lever interests for exploitation

of the palm-oil industry and the Forminiere Company, which has enlisted American capital, for the development of the mines in the Katangas. Where America sends its young men to undertake commercial and engineering tasks, there the church must send also its young men and women for kingdom tasks.

What sort of men and women are needed for the Congo? The qualities demanded are those required for missionary work anywhere. The missionary should have first of all a faith deep-rooted in the heart of the Eternal. He must be no novice in the Christian life, but one who by years of Christian experience and faithful service in this country has come to that stedfast basis of confidence in the presence and leadership of Christ which will enable him to undertake difficult enterprises with the quiet assurance of God's aid. He should have sound physical health. This does not mean that he must needs be an athlete or a gymnast. As a tropical mission field Congo is not especially taxing, and many a missionary apparently far from rugged in point of health has lived and labored there for years. The two points of importance concerning which the candidate should reassure himself are that he is organically sound and that he has no idiosyncrasy against heat.

His mental make-up should be sanely balanced. Perhaps the most valuable trait of all upon the foreign mission field is what is known as sound common sense. The ability to weigh circumstances and make wise decisions is a faculty well-nigh indispensable to the missionary.

He should have a temperament which will permit him to live and labor with his brothers, both white and black, in cordial harmony no matter how widely

his judgment may differ from theirs in matters of mission policy. It is an absolutely fatal defect in a missionary to permit differences of opinion which must inevitably arise in the course of the work to separate him in spirit from his brothers.

A spirit of forbearance and self-control is a positive necessity in Christian service. There is no spectacle so unedifying, nor any tragedy so heart-rending as that of the able, well-equipped missionary allowing the values of earnest and energetic service to be nullified or destroyed by inability to control an irritable or choleric temperament in dealing with missionaries or natives. Irritability, anger, the critical spirit, *must* be brought under the control of Christ or the life fails to accomplish its end.

The mental equipment of the missionary must be adequate for his task. It is God's money which is used to send men and women thousands of miles over sea and land with the gospel message. We are in an exacting age, when life demands much of the individual. The untrained worker achieves but little success in any sphere of life. American life is so organized that young men or women of ability can secure adequate training along any line if they will. The missionary societies are under obligation to use God's money wisely and well. This means the sending of men and women with the maximum of fitness to carry on God's work abroad. No person who neglects or refuses to secure the best possible training for the task to which he addresses himself is worthy to act as God's messenger to a needy world.

That vigorous type of manhood which is exemplified in our early Congo heroes is still needed. There is pioneer work to be done in many parts of Congo. But

we must not forget that we are four decades away from the beginnings of Congo's evangelization and entering today a new epoch in the work. We need men and women of a no less vigorous character who will bring specialized faculties to special tasks. There is an imperative call first of all for theological graduates—men who have prepared themselves thoroughly in the work of fishing for men, founding churches, organizing evangelistic work, and building up the kingdom of God through broad territories.

There is also urgent need for large numbers of trained educationalists who, while sharing with the evangelist the passion for the souls of men, are prepared by thorough training in modern educational methods to help in the great task of producing the native leaders who will build up a permanent Christianity in Congo. These educationalists should be both men and women. They should have had in addition to their academic training experience both in teaching and administrative work. They should bear in mind that they may be called to organize and supervise a state-wide educational system.

Physicians are needed in much greater numbers. There is increasing opportunity for well-equipped men and women to make a great contribution to the work of God in Congo along medical and surgical lines. Better equipment is being constantly supplied. Surgery of the most modern type is possible. A vast field for research is offered by the many unfamiliar tropical diseases. The organization of public sanitation in large areas is often possible.

Nurses are here presented with a great field of service. Not only have they the privilege of cooperating with the physician in every branch mentioned above,

but the organization of training-schools for native nurses offers them a satisfying sphere of work.

There is a new and compelling demand for trained agriculturists in Congo. The fecund fields and fertile forests are a new kingdom for the exploration of the practical man of science prepared for such a task. The agriculturalist has before him the fascinating task of revealing Congo's possibilities to its own sons and daughters. He should not only know agriculture, but should also be prepared to found experiment stations and organize schools for imparting what he knows and the results of his further experiments.

The industrialist has a field in Congo unsurpassed by any in the world. The Congo native is a natural and very clever hand-worker. He needs to have his natural gifts in this direction stimulated, trained, and directed into such channels as shall prove of the greatest profit to himself personally, to the development of the state, and to the establishment of a vigorous Christian church. The industrial missionary should not be merely an experienced carpenter, but a graduate of an engineering school who has had special training in the trades and possesses a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of his subject.

Other classes of missionary specialists are occasionally needed, but these comprise the urgent demands of the present time.

A few words should be said about the conditions under which the missionary is to work. There is a prevalent misconception that Congo is perhaps the deadliest missionary field in the world, and it is probable that many a man has been deterred from undertaking service in this field not because of any fear which he may have entertained for himself but because

he hesitated to submit those whom he loved to conditions which have at times been represented as especially deleterious to the health. Let it be said at once that Congo is not an especially unhealthful field. Its health record in recent decades has been considerably better than mission fields in other tropical countries.

Congo is situated in the tropical zone and is cut by the equator, but there is one circumstance commonly overlooked which greatly mitigates its tropical character. As has been pointed out in Chapter I, the altitude of Congoland increases fairly rapidly after leaving Matadi. Most of the mission stations in lower Congo are from 500 to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Stanley Pool, at the end of the railroad, is about 1,000 feet high. In a general way, the farther inland one goes the greater the altitude. Ubangi Province is from 1,500 to 2,500 feet in height. The Province Orientale has areas more than 3,000 feet above sea-level. The Kasai varies from 1,300 to 3,000 feet. Katanga ranges even higher. Many missionaries and travelers have made the statement that they have suffered more from cold in the Congo than they ever did from heat. Mr. Bedinger states that in the Kasai there is an even temperature, almost the same the year round, varying from 79 to 85 degrees in the shade during the day with invariably cool nights. The latter very great advantage is common to the whole of Congo.

Even in the lower Congo, which is perhaps the most trying portion of Congo Belge from a climatic standpoint, there is a cool dry season lasting four months, which compensates in a measure for the warmer weather which accompanies the rains.

With a better understanding of the country and the means for preserving health, mortality and illness

among missionaries have steadily decreased, and opinion is rapidly swinging to the conviction that children can safely be brought to most parts of the Congo. There were fourteen children present at the Bolenge Conference.

Two points must be insisted upon with the utmost strenuousness. The first is the use of the sun-helmet and the avoidance of exposure as much as possible to the powerful rays of the midday sun. The second is the continued use of quinine as a prophylactic measure. Wherever there are anopheles mosquitoes there is malaria, and wherever there is malaria the missionary is bound to be exposed to it. The habitual use of quinine in small doses may not prevent him from having an occasional attack of fever, but it will greatly lessen the frequency and severity of the attack and also render the danger of hematuric complications almost negligible.

The heavy mortality met with in the early days of the work was due to the neglect of these two points and the fact that the conditions in which the missionary lived and worked were very much less favorable than is now the case.

Congo should have a special appeal to the students of America, the appeal from those who need to those who have. While visiting the school at Kimpese I took occasion to speak to the student body about the great student army of America and told them something of the powers and possibilities of American students, of the Student Volunteer Movement and the great number of students, both men and women, who are preparing for life service in the broad fields of the world. They asked me to convey a message to the students of America from the students at Kimpese:

The students of Kimpese send kind greetings to the students of America.

They desire earnestly that American students would give all diligence to their learning in order that they may come to Congo to teach young men and women here.

They send greetings also to all white teachers and professors in American colleges who are interested in their development.

This is a special message from the youth of Congo to the privileged youth of America. God grant that it may awaken the response of a ready willingness in the hearts of hundreds of Christian students.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR USE OF THIS BOOK IN CLASS STUDIES AND PROGRAM MEETINGS

I. Procure a map of Africa which can be kept on the wall throughout the series of lessons. The Literature Department of the General Board of Promotion furnishes a good-sized paper map showing the stations. The small map in the Baptist Survey can be reproduced, in which case it is suggested that the stations be located as you come to them.

II. To give an adequate idea of the size of this great continent, trace on thin paper from an atlas of proportionate size outline maps of Europe, China, India, Argentina, and the United States. Cut them out and pin them on the map of Africa. The names of these countries printed on sheets of paper may be substituted for the maps, but will not be so effective.

III. If a brief course is desired, follow Doctor Lerrigo's journey, using the descriptive matter and incidents, locating the missions visited, and giving names of the missionaries in the various stations.

IV. If a more intensive course can be given, the following suggestions may prove helpful:

1. Trace briefly what Africa stands for to the imaginative youth; to the student; to the business man; to foreign nations; to the missionary.

2. Show why General Smuts said, "Africa has marched with great suddenness to the center of the

European stage and must profoundly influence the problems of its statesmanship."

This should bring out changes which have come as a result of the war: economic, territorial, and political.

3. Trace the beginnings and development of Baptist missions in Africa, with biographies of leading missionaries.

4. Locate the places where the hospitals are to be built, and give an idea of the number of people to whom they will minister.

5. Memorize the names of stations and the missionaries now in charge; make clear the types of work done in each station. Assign different missionaries or stations to groups or individuals for special daily intercession.

Supplementary materials of particular value in the form of leaflets and pamphlets are issued from time to time, and may be secured from the Literature Headquarters and Bureaus.

Special attention is called to

"Our Work in the Orient," W. A. B. F. M. S.

"The Guide Book," A. B. F. M. S.

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